

No. 89

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TONY TRENT

BIG SHOT

Reg U. S. Patent Office

BIG SHOT



SPRINGTIME!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Boys and Girls



Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You

\$1.69



1 FOUNTAIN PEN

2 BALL POINT PEN

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➔
FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➔
DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➔
SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➔

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 52-E
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okey, "miracle man", prove it! Mail PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return after 10 day trial for cash refund. (Pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

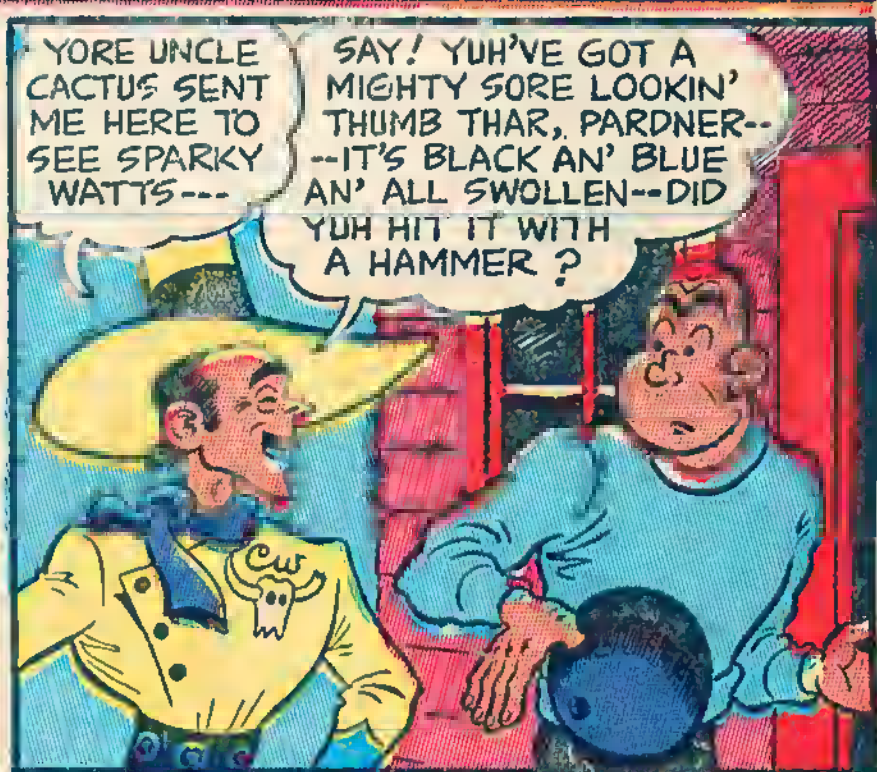
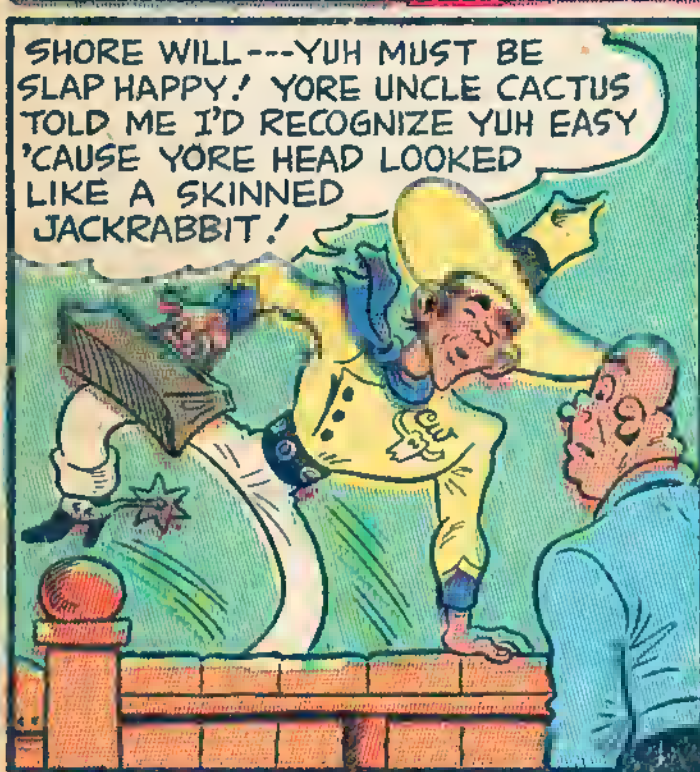
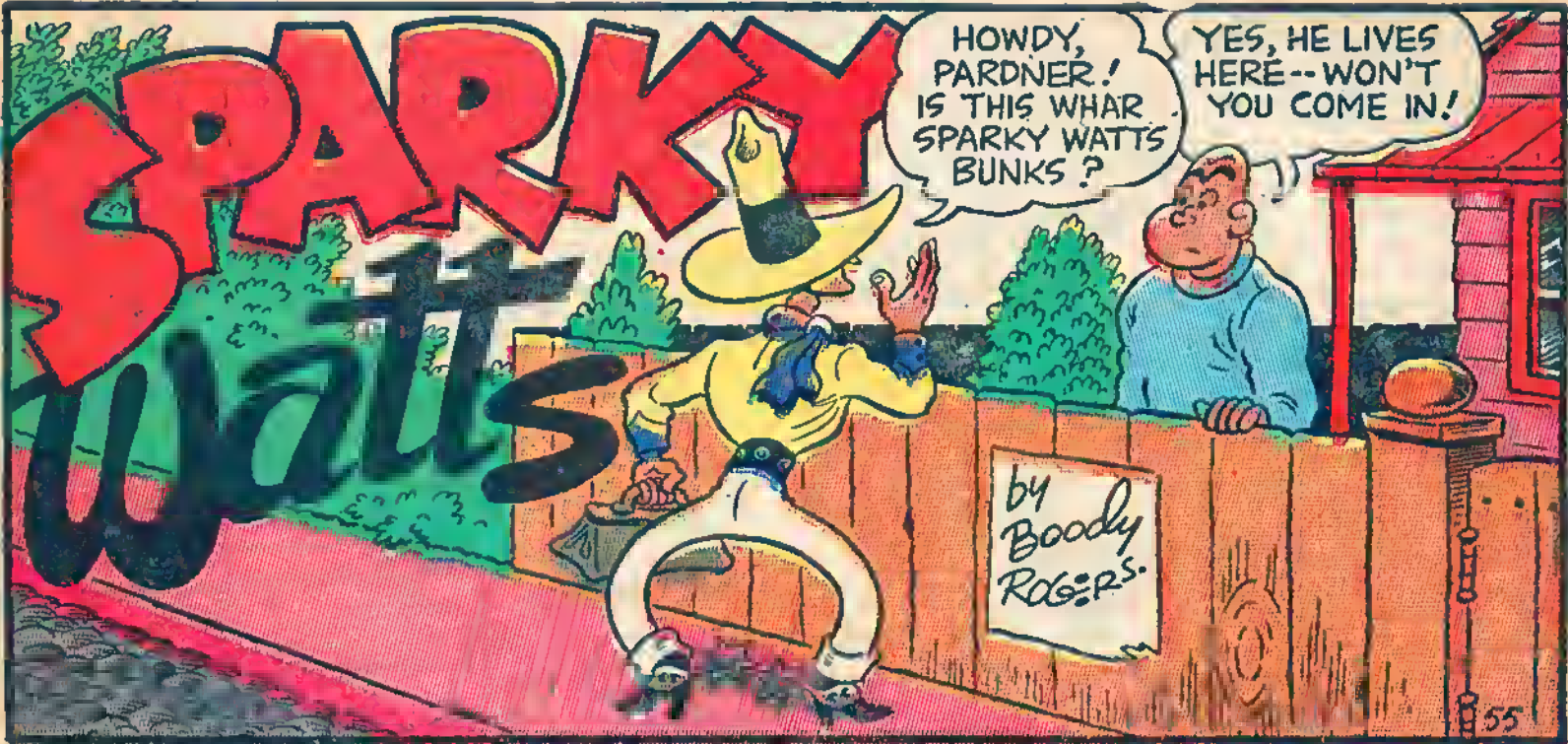
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ADDRESS _____

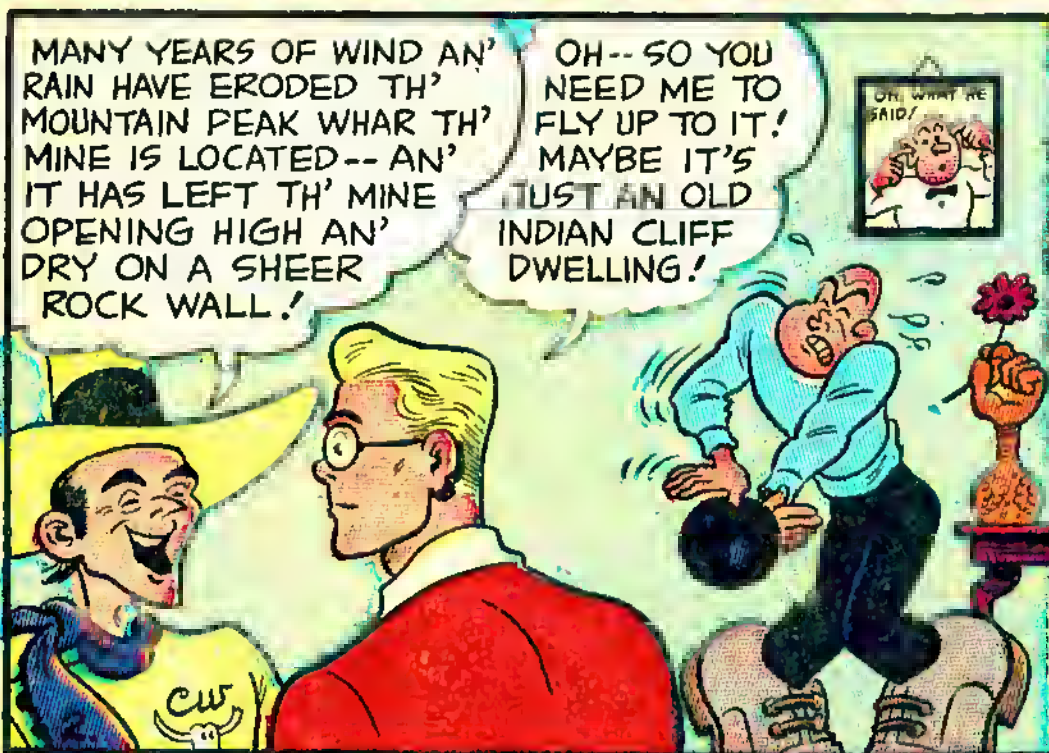
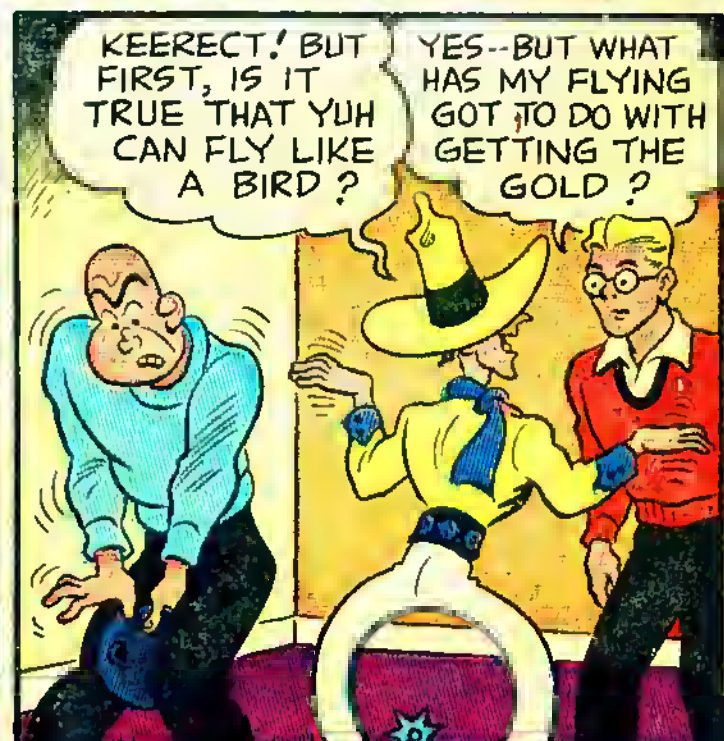
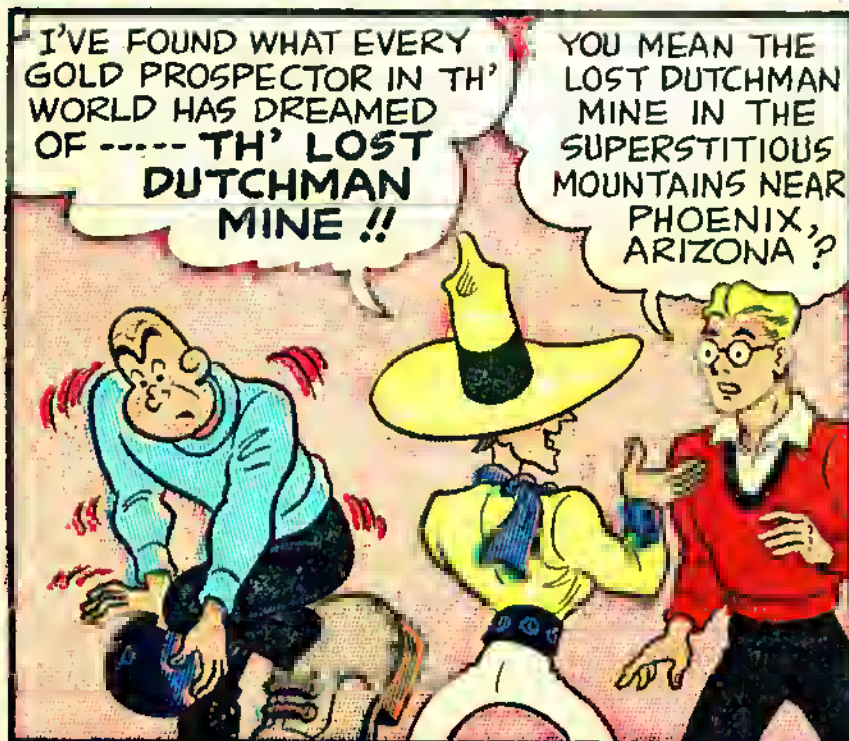
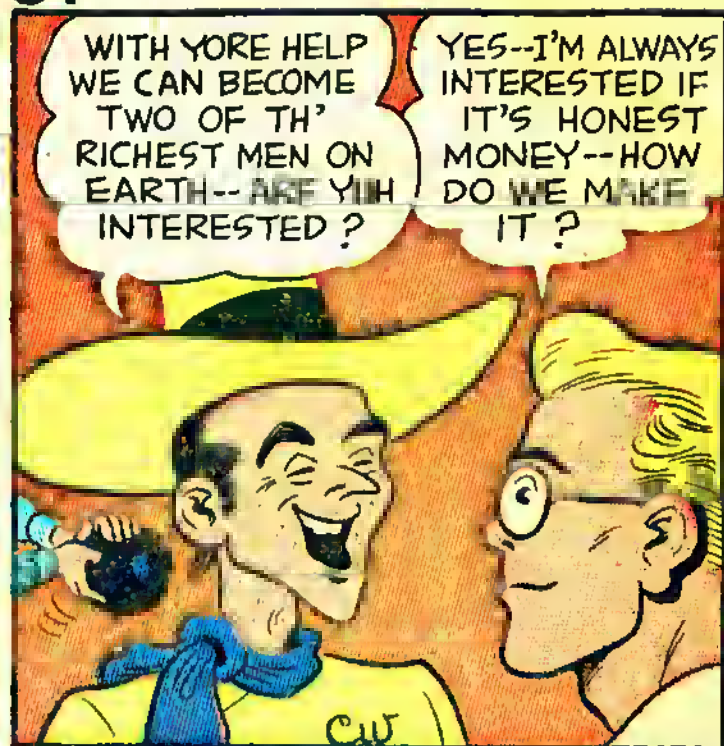
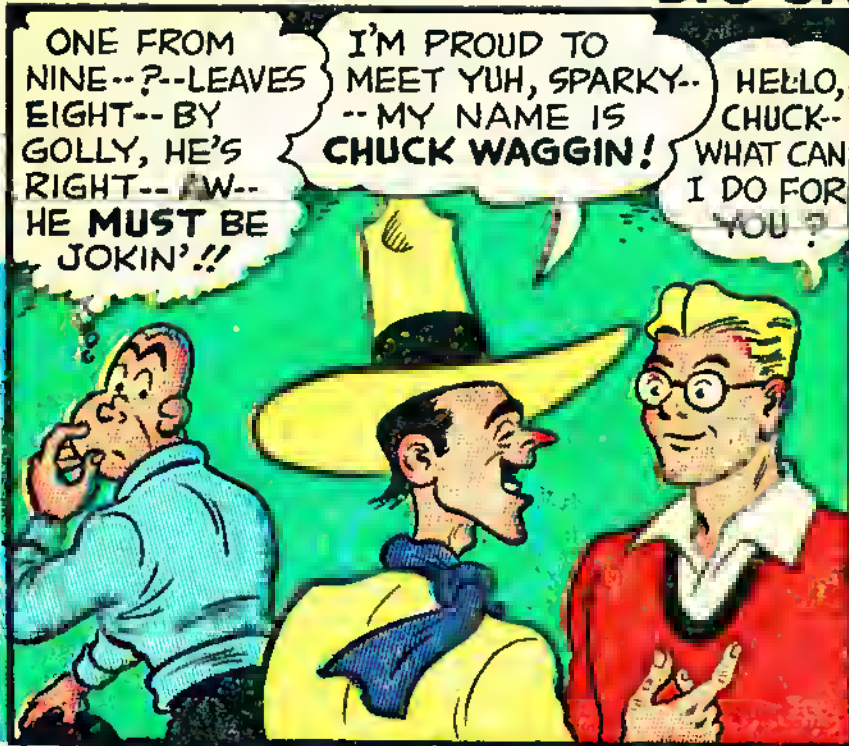
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Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

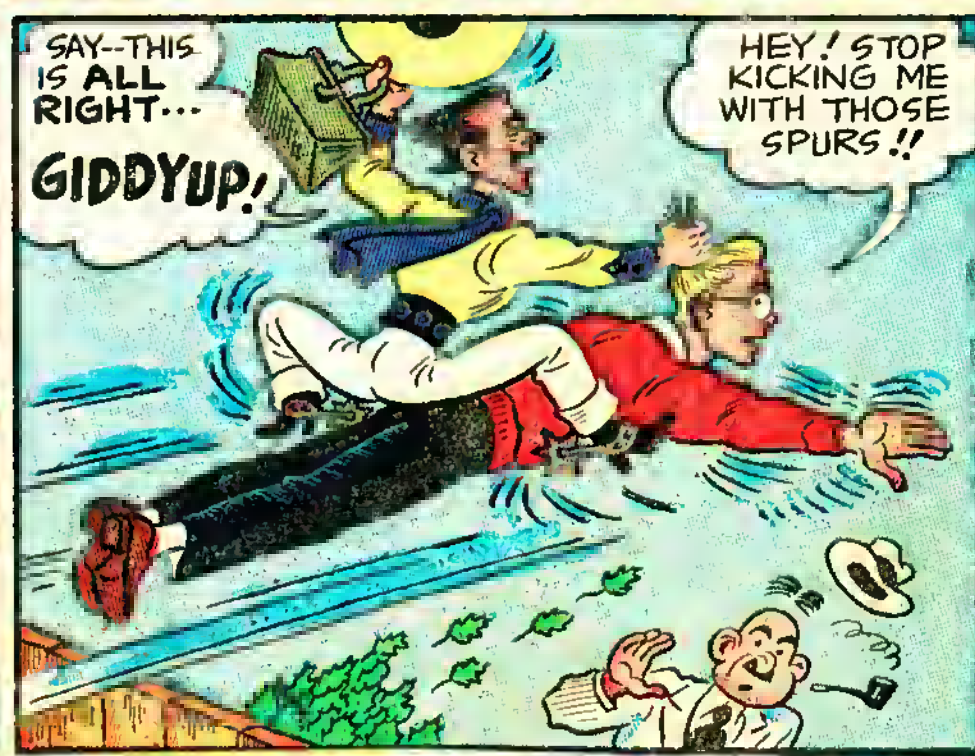
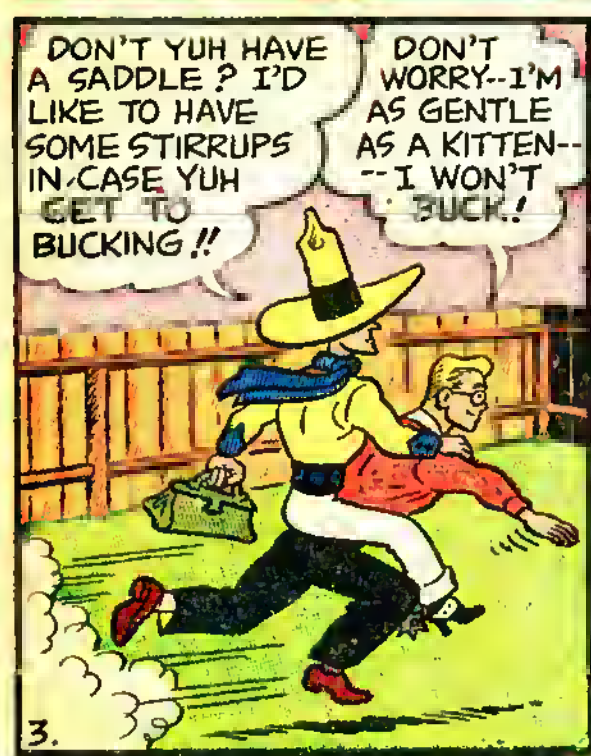
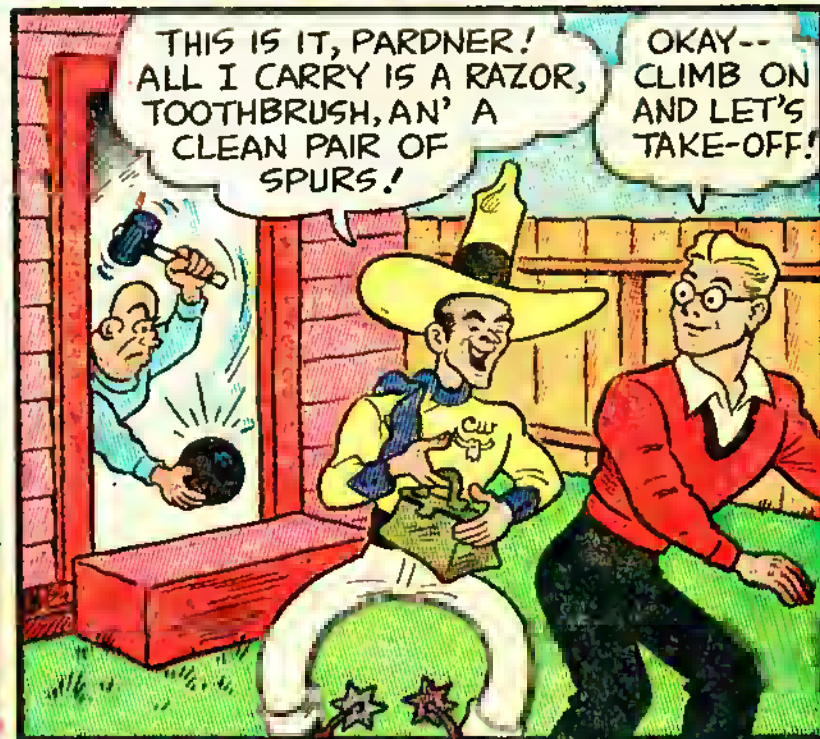
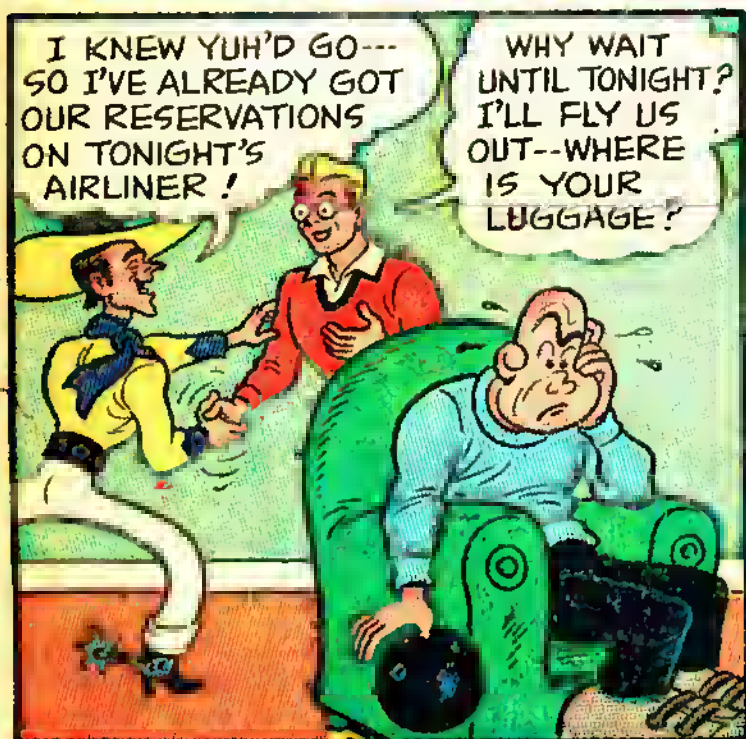
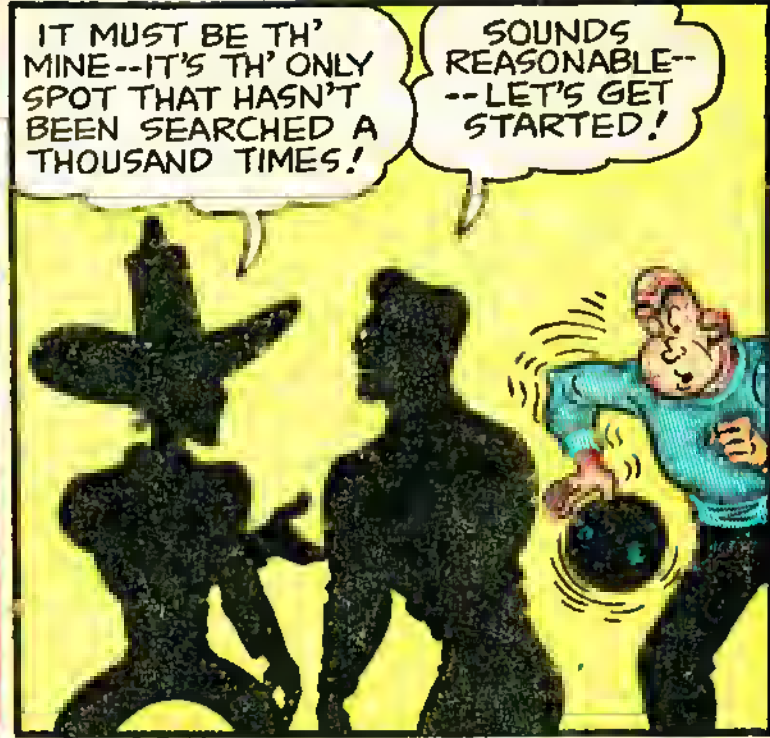
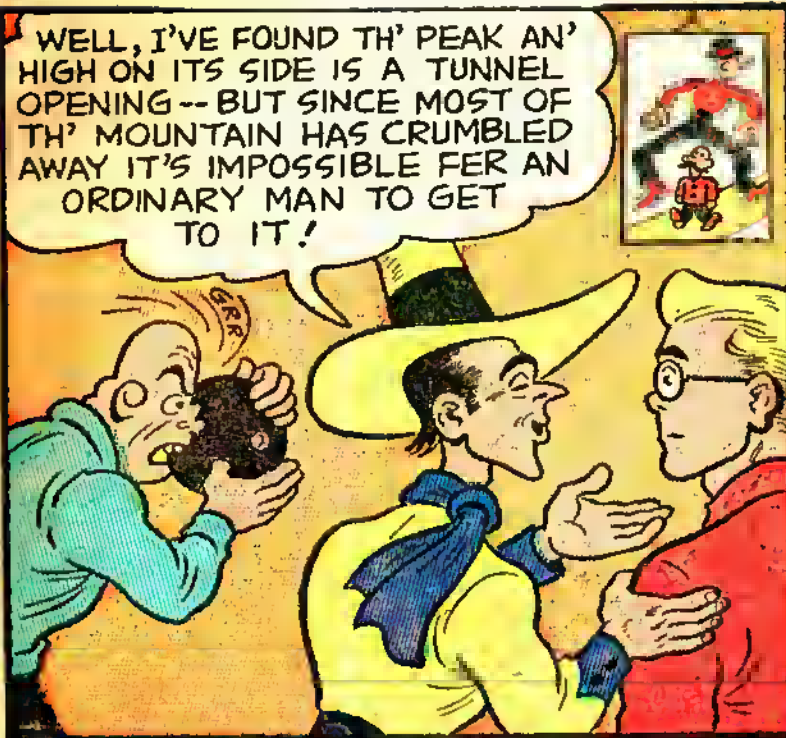
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179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois



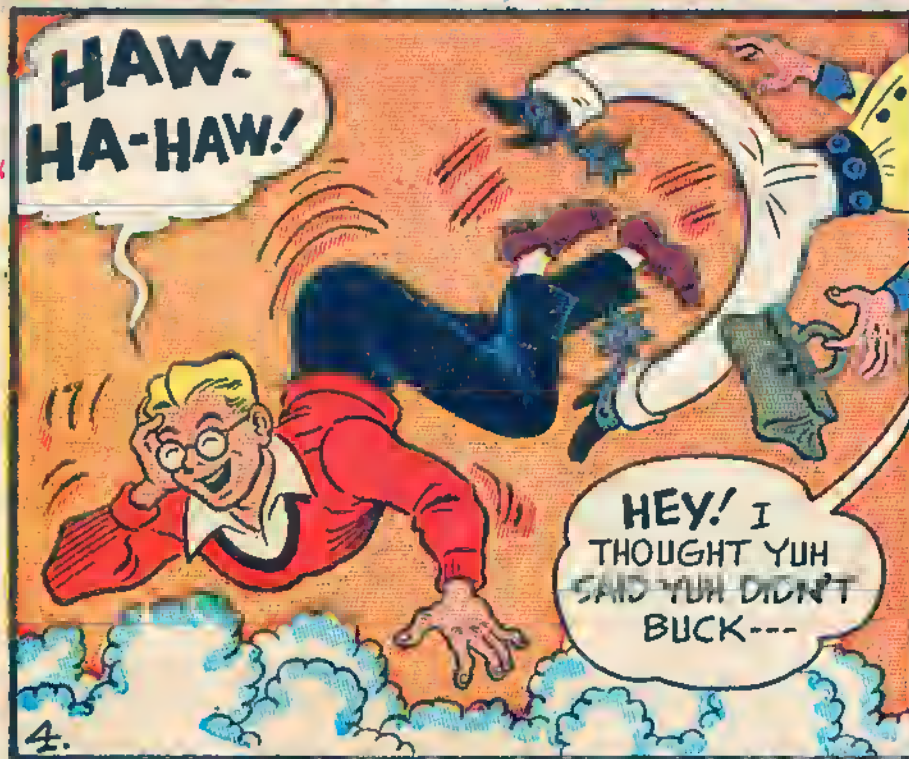
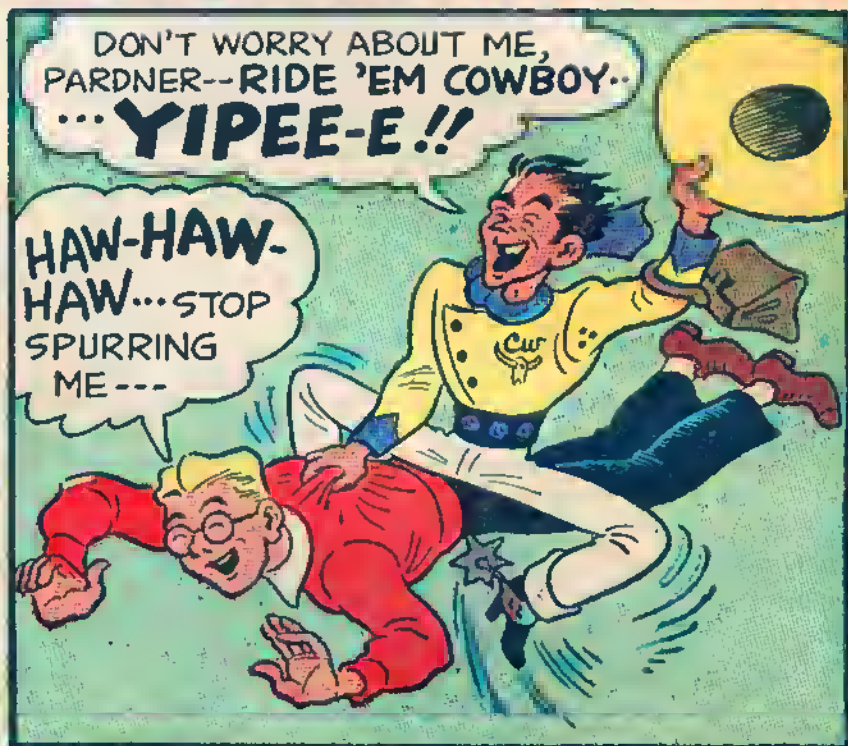
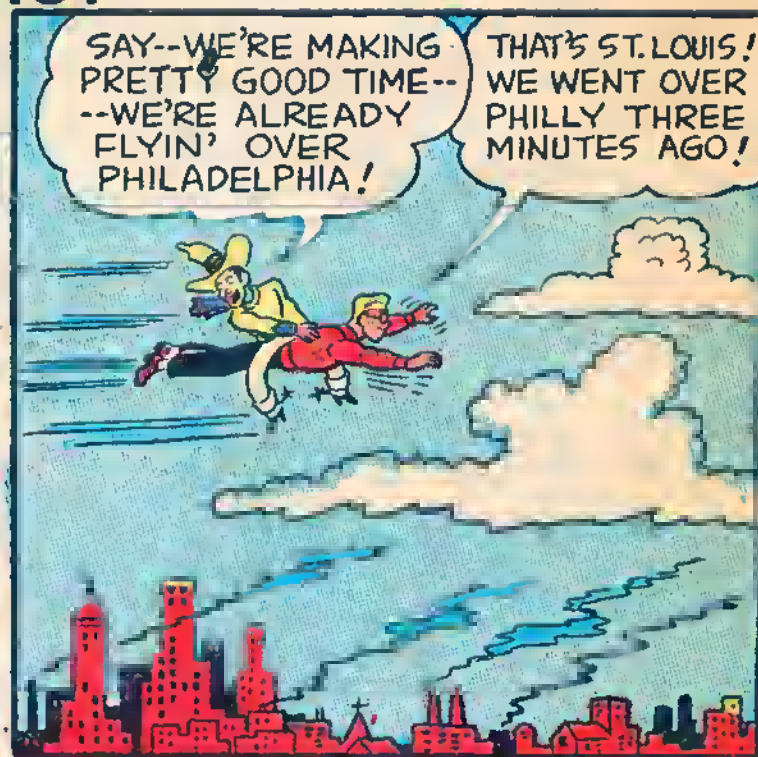
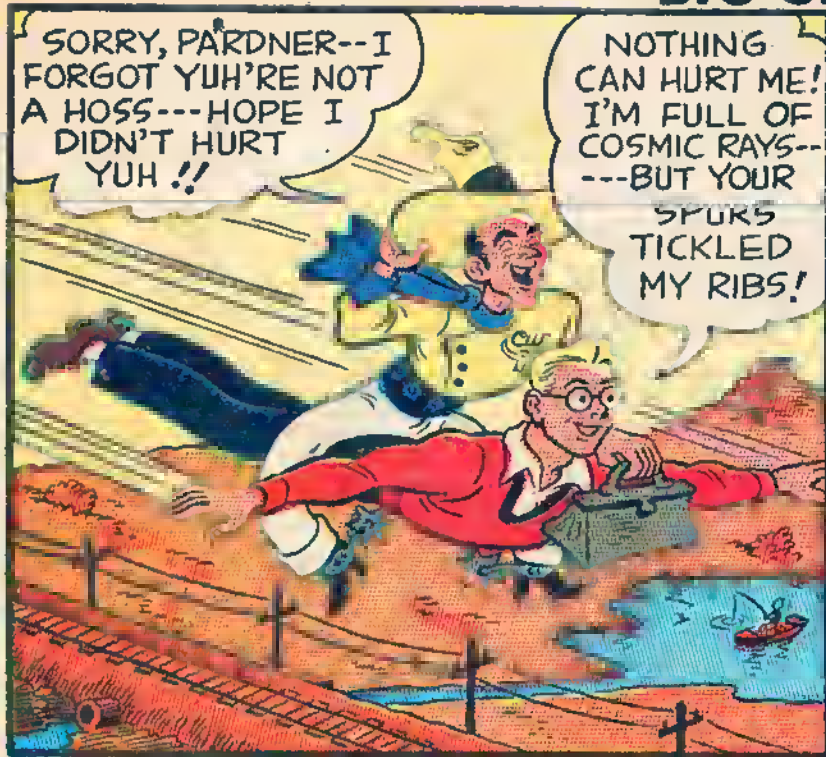
BIG SHOT



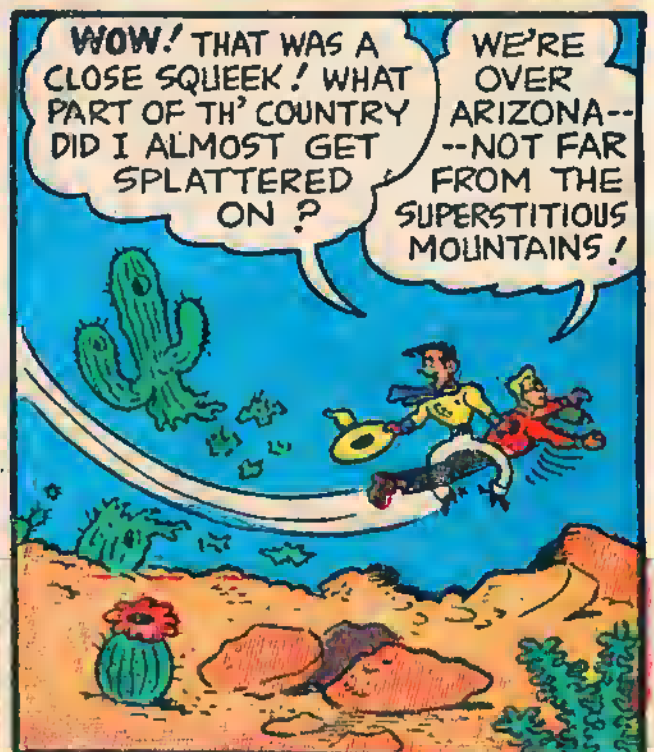
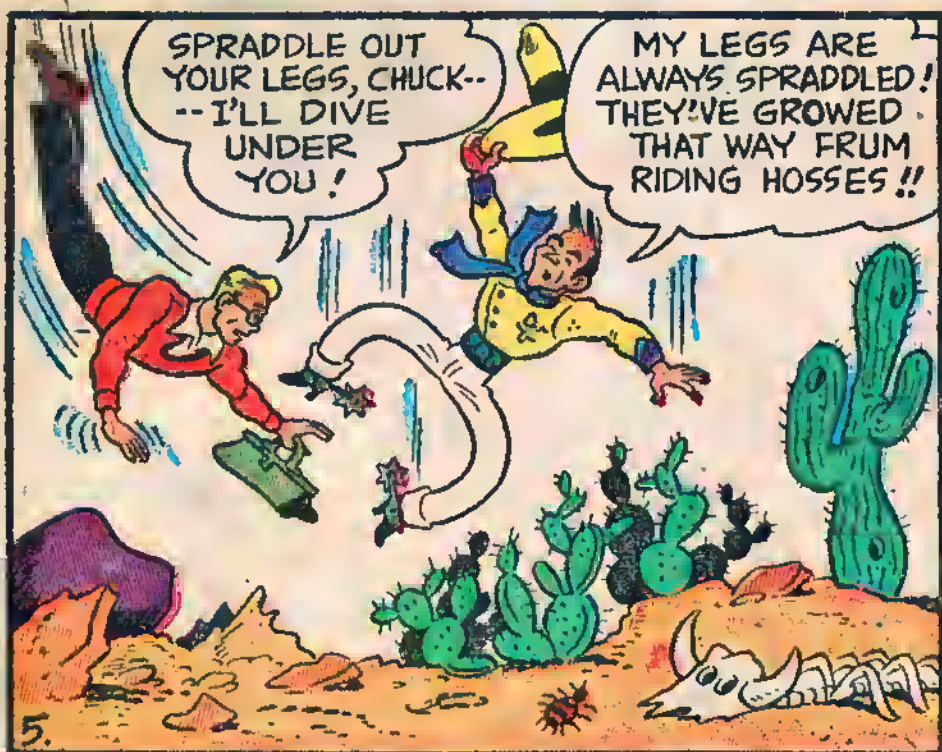
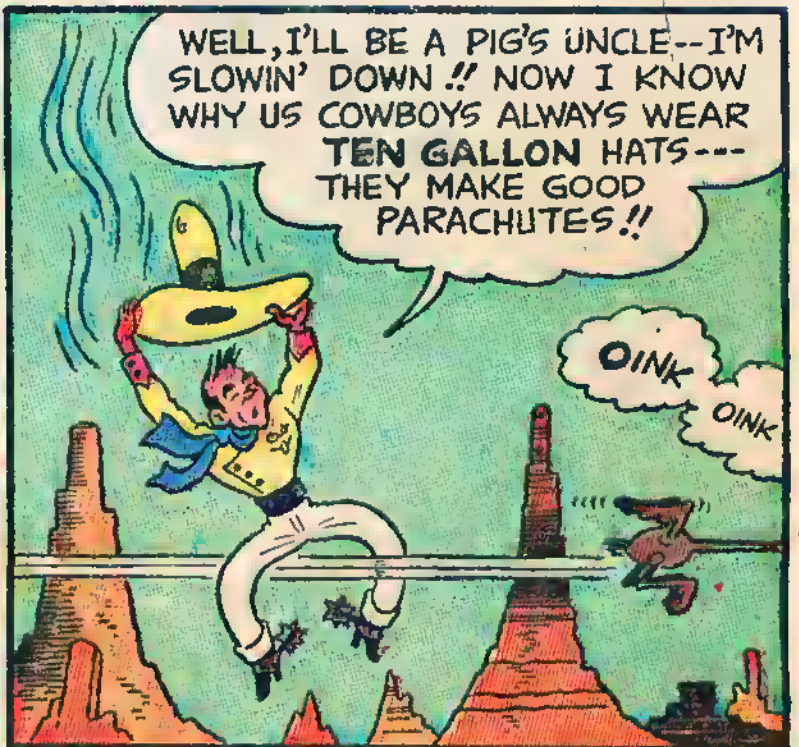
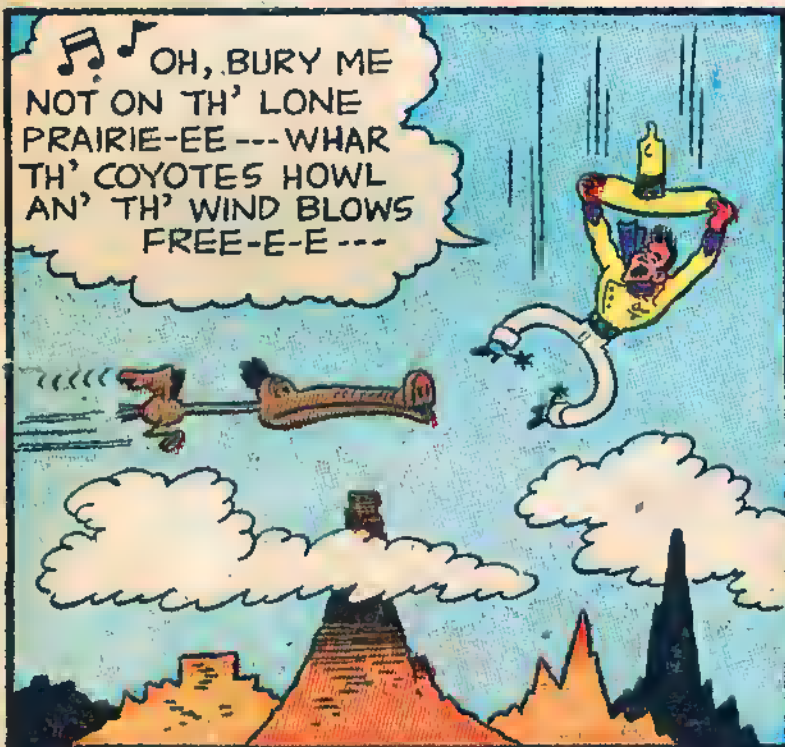
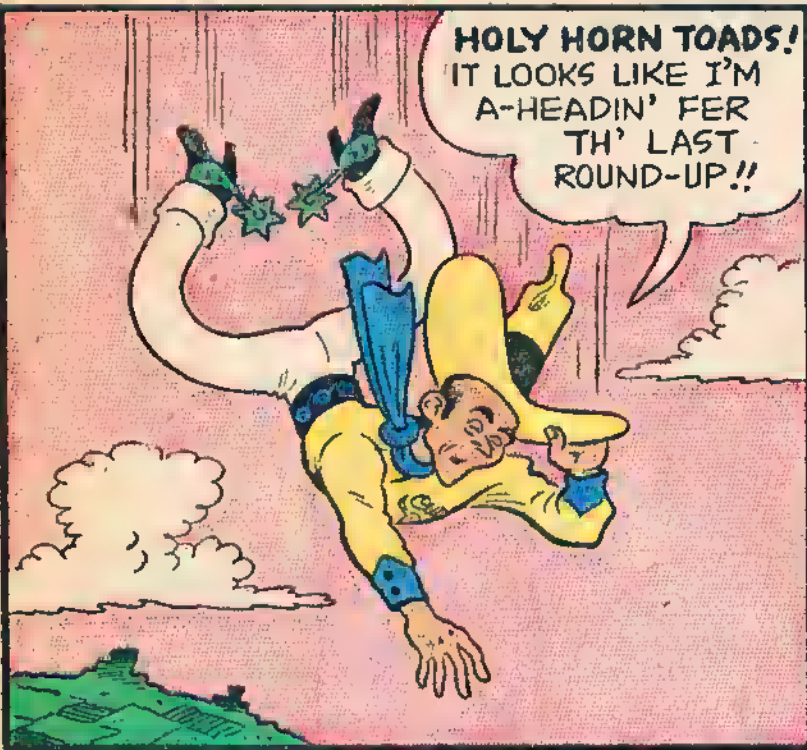
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THAT'S TH' SUPERSTITIONS
BELOW US NOW--IF YUH SEE
A HIGH ROCK WITH A TOP
THAT LOOKS LIKE A
MEXICAN HAT--THAT'S
OUR PLACE!

I SEE
IT--HOLD
YOUR OWN
HAT--WE'RE
GOING
DOWN!

DON'T LAND
DOWN HERE--GO
ON UP TO TH'
TUNNEL--I WANNA
LET SOME GOLD
TRICKLE THROUGH
MY FINGERS!

SPEAKING OF
FINGERS--DO
YUH SEE WHAT
I SEE--OR AM
I HAVIN' EYE
TROUBLE
AGAIN ?!!!

NO--THOSE
LOOK LIKE
FINGERS IN
THERE--BUT
THEY CAN'T
BE--THEY'RE
TOO -----

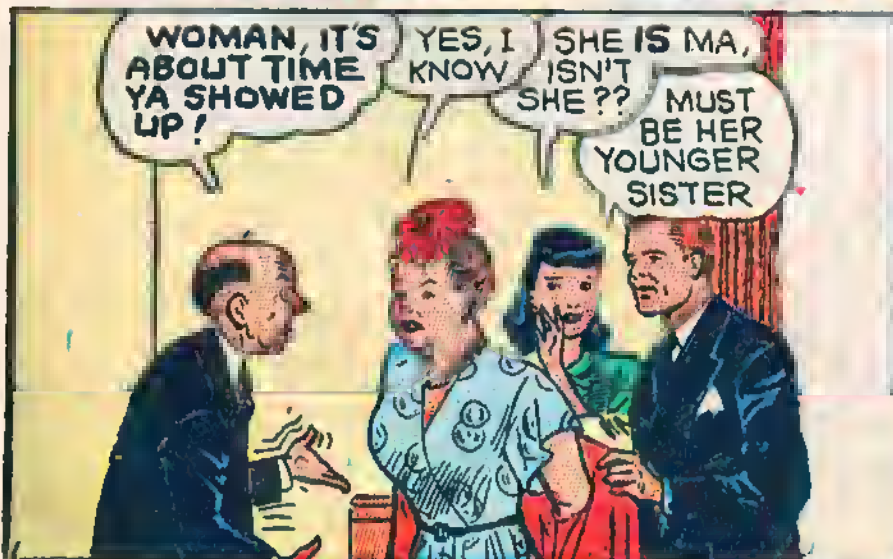
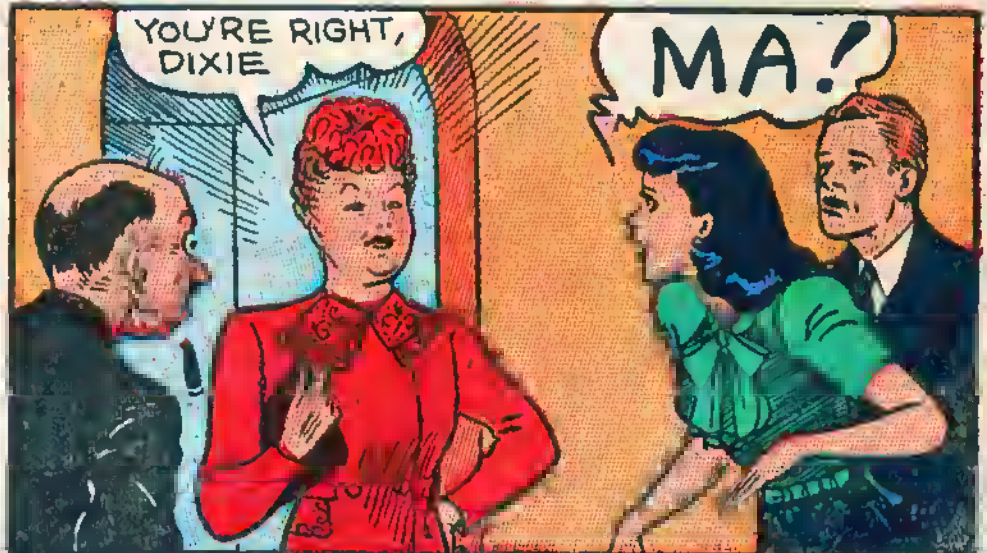
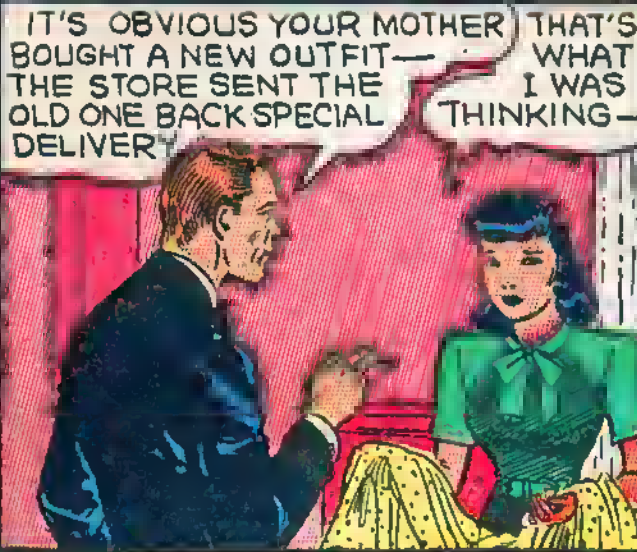
-----BIG!/?

NEXT ISSUE...INTRODUCING THE MOST AMAZING
CREATURE IN COMICS....."JUMBO FIGNIGGLE".

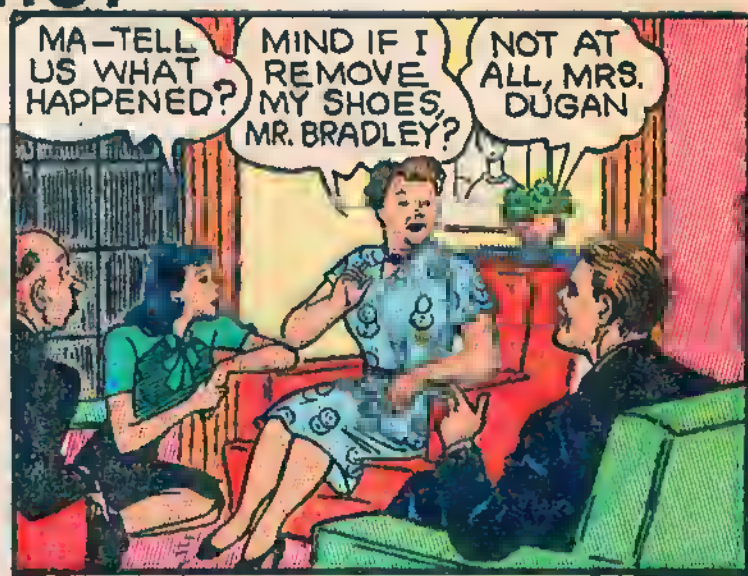
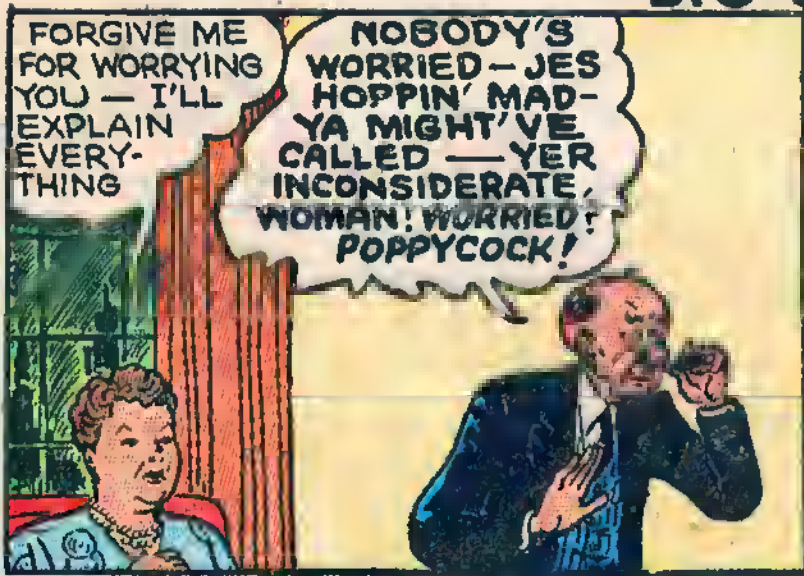
DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

MRS. DUGAN HAS DISAPPEARED AND PA AND DIXIE BEGIN TO FEAR THE WORST



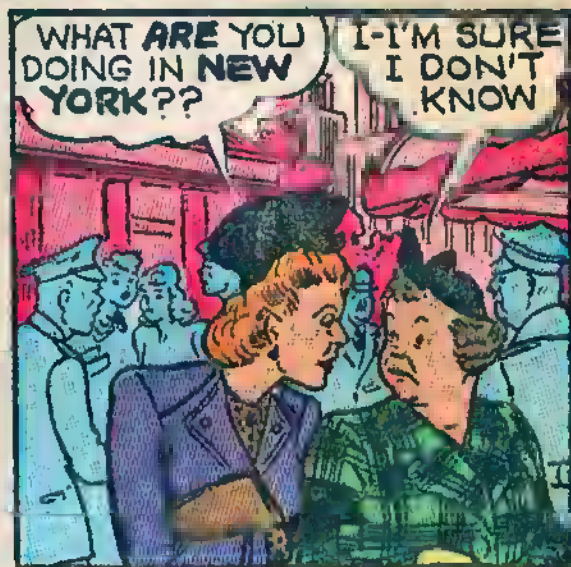
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"NEW YORK PETRIFIED ME SO WHEN WE ARRIVED I JUST COULDN'T THINK — SO TO LICK THE SITUATION I PUSHED MYSELF OUT TO GET ALONG THE BEST I COULD"



I DUMPED SMACK INTO MISS ENSIGN, THE WOMAN WHO OFFERED ME THAT DESIGNING JOB SOME MONTHS AGO



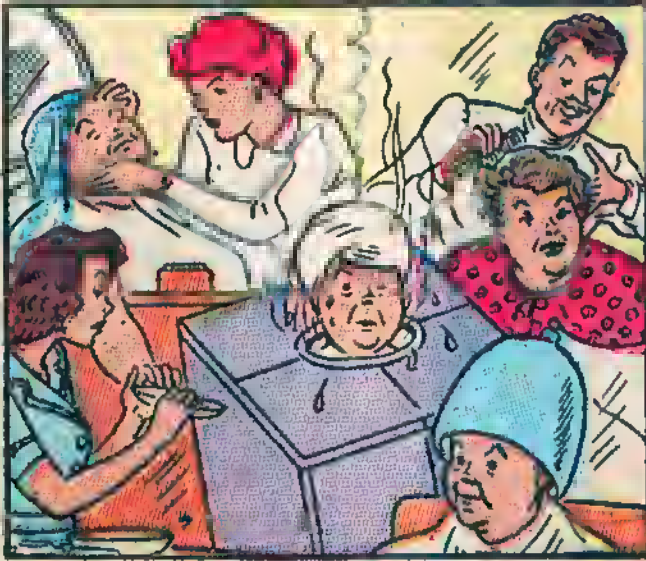
"TO KEEP ME FROM BEING TRAMPLED TO BITS BY THE CROWD SHE TOOK ME TO LUNCH AT THE "SKY CLUB"



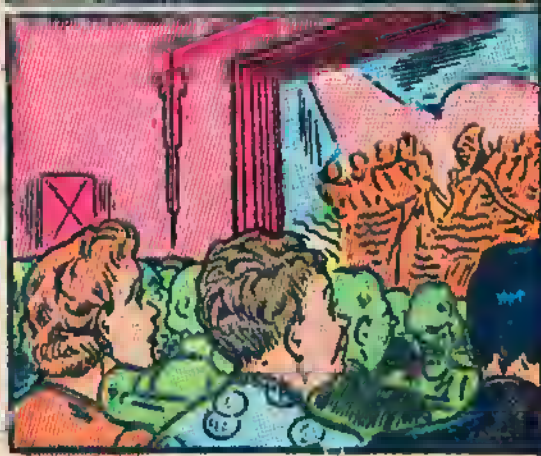
"AFTER THAT SHE TOOK ME TO HER STORE - SAID SHE WANTED TO START ME OUT RIGHT -"



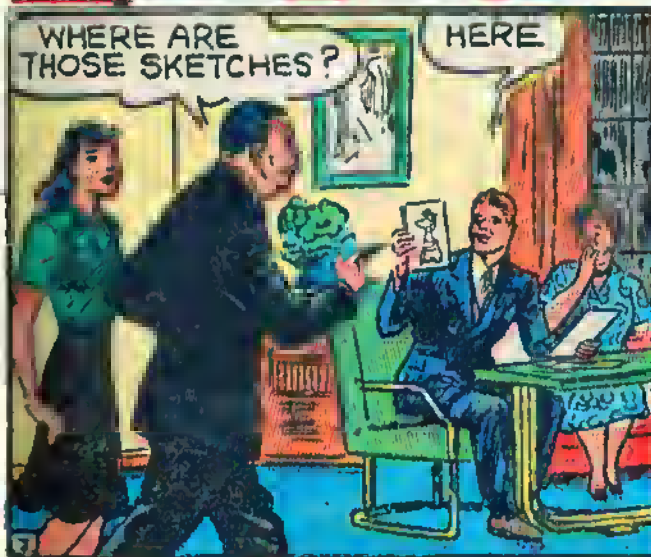
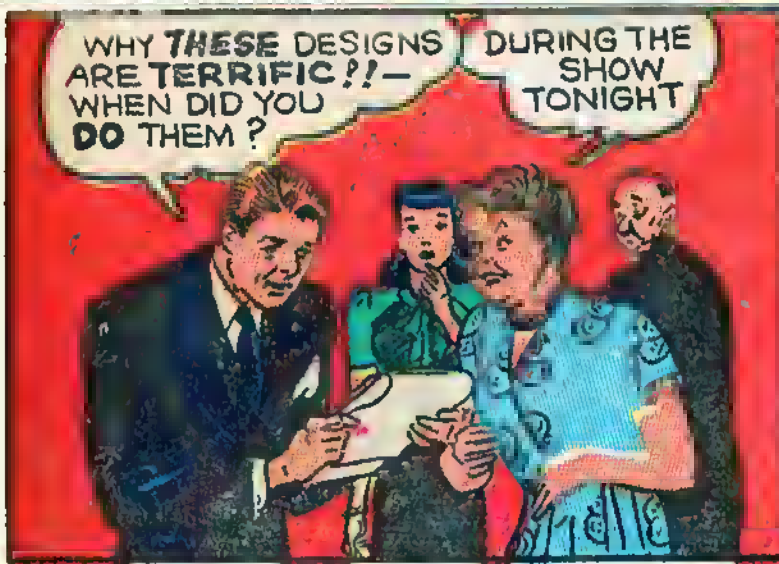
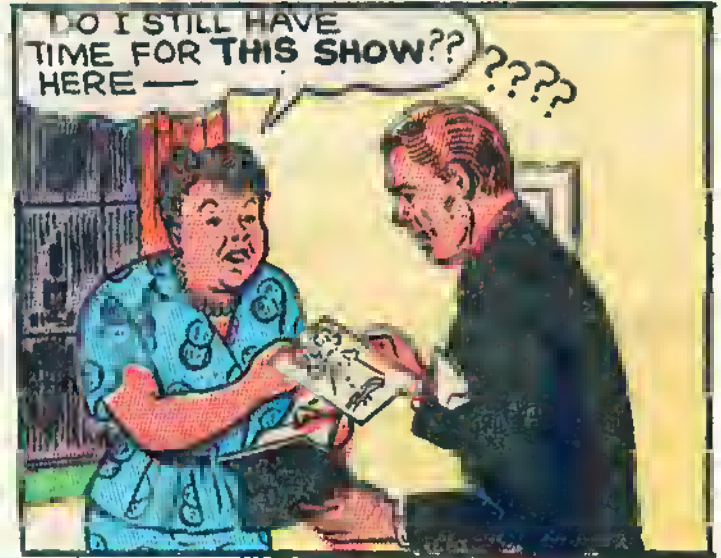
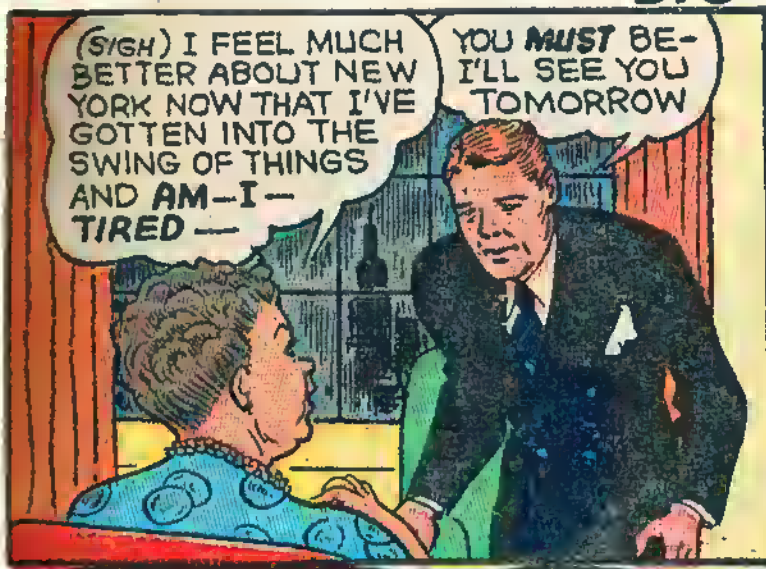
"— THEN I REALLY GOT THE WORKS!"



"AND KNOWING I WAS HIRED TO DESIGN FOR THE THEATRE SHE THOUGHT I SHOULD SEE A SHOW"



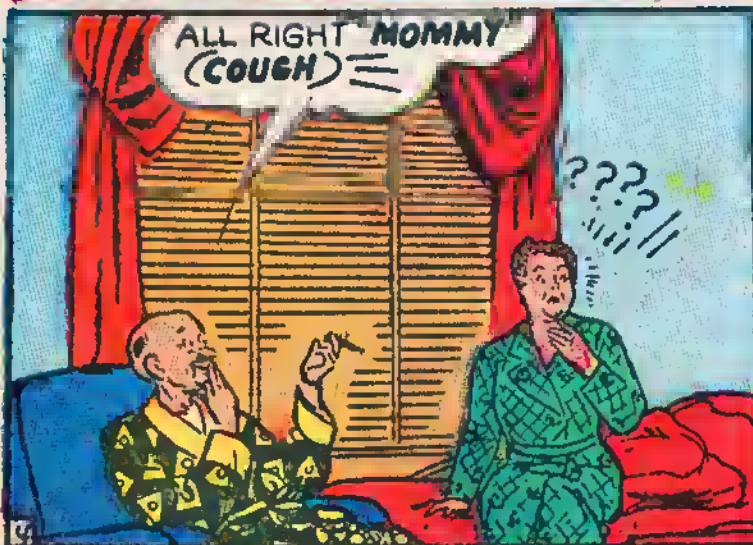
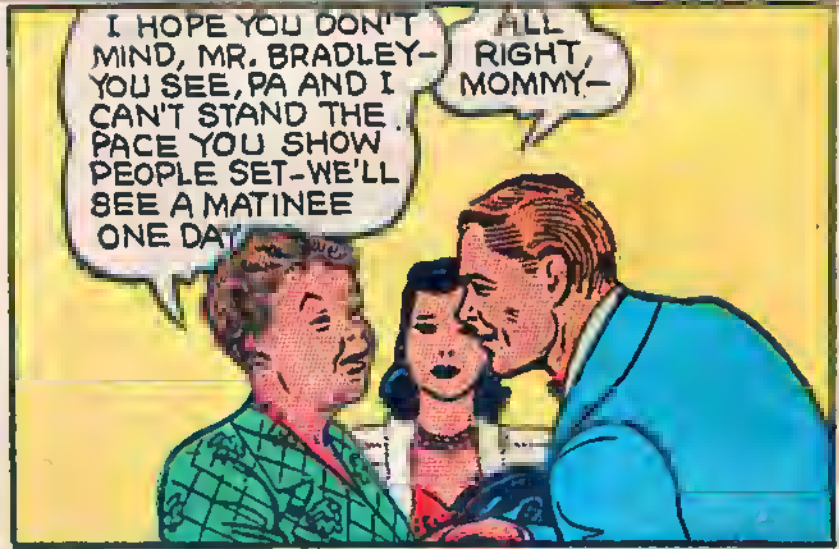
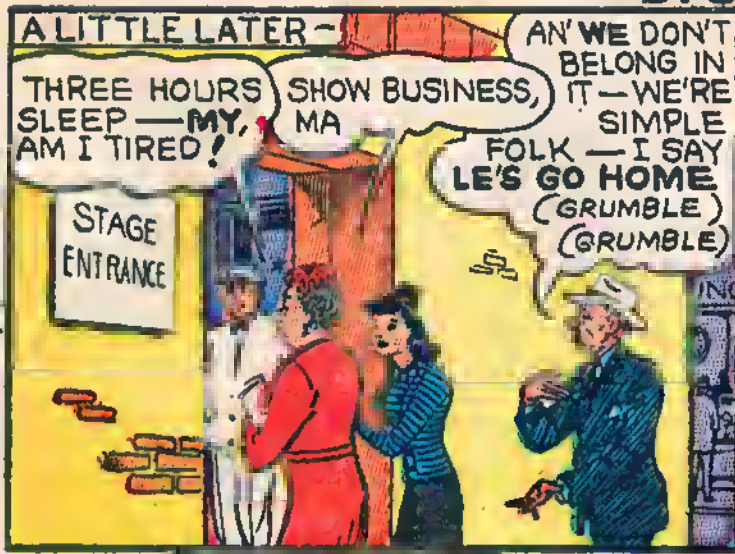
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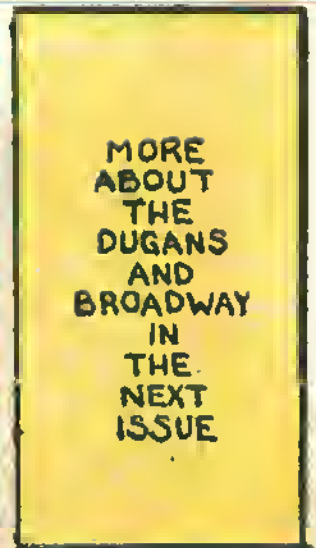
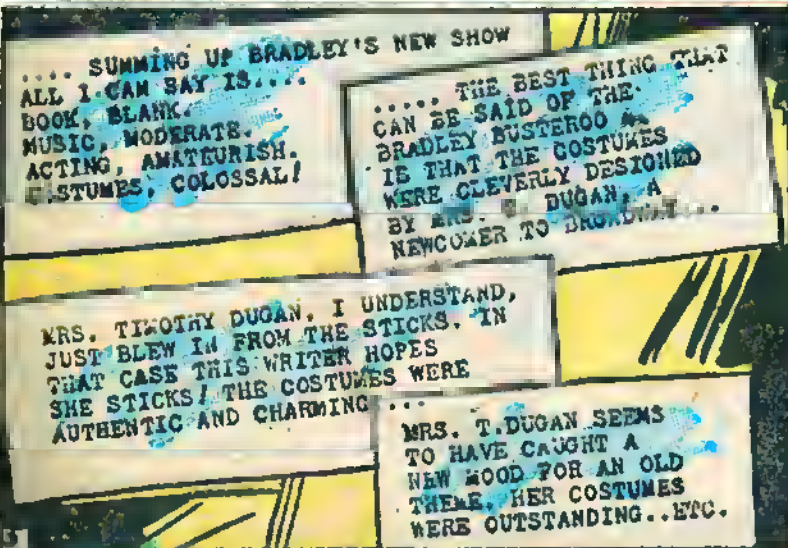
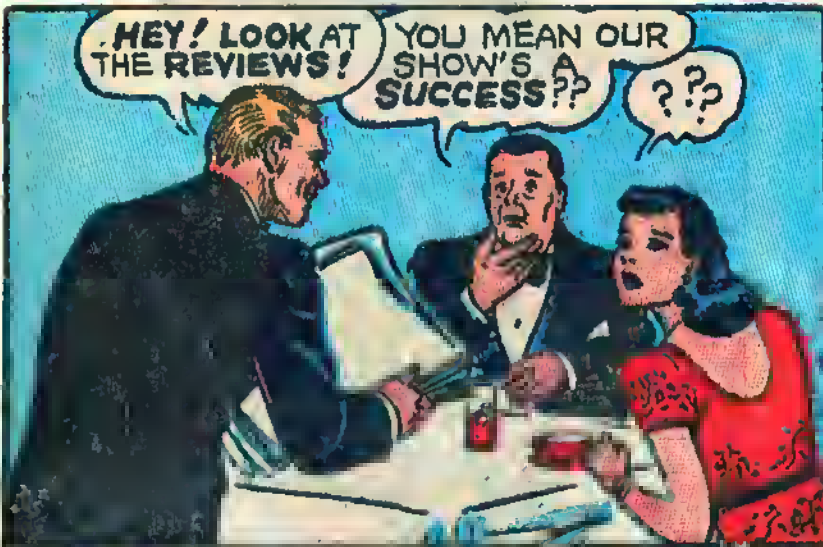
AND INTO THE MORNING —



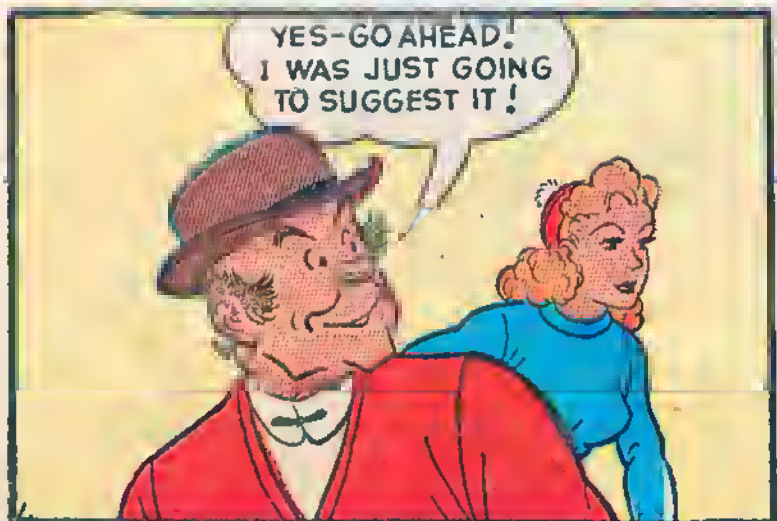
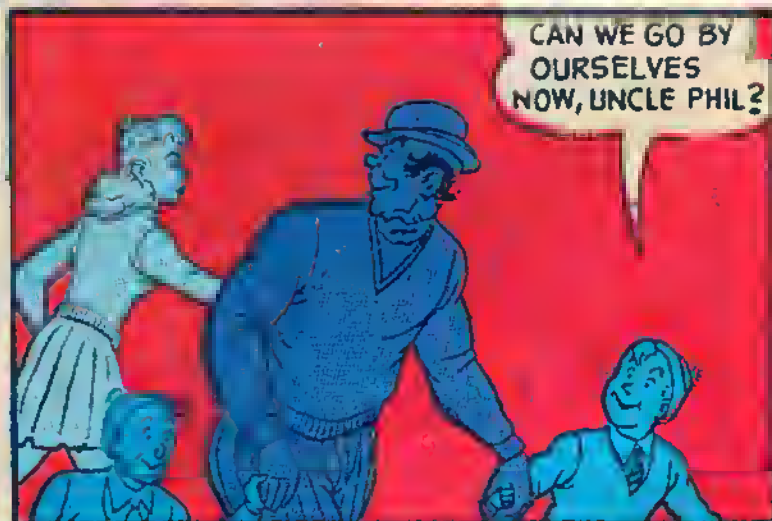
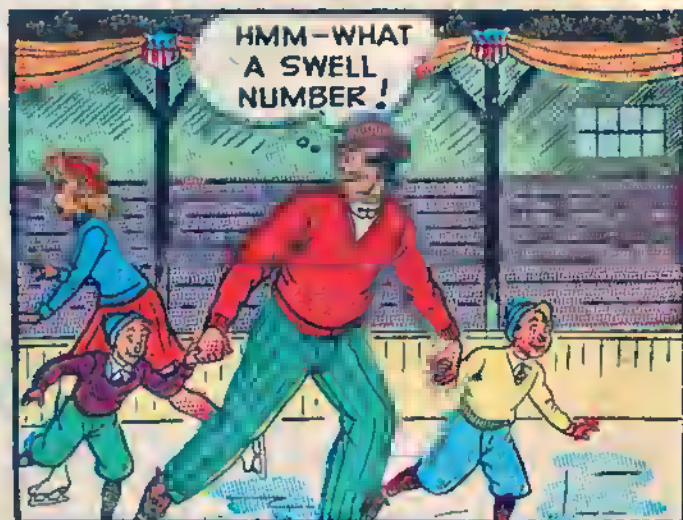
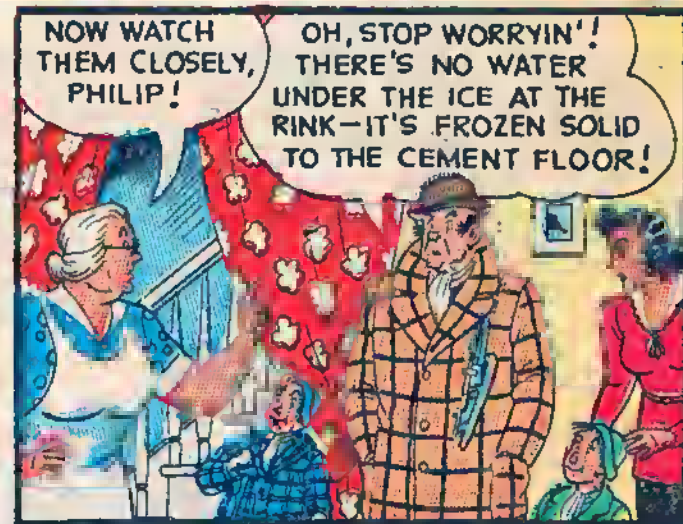
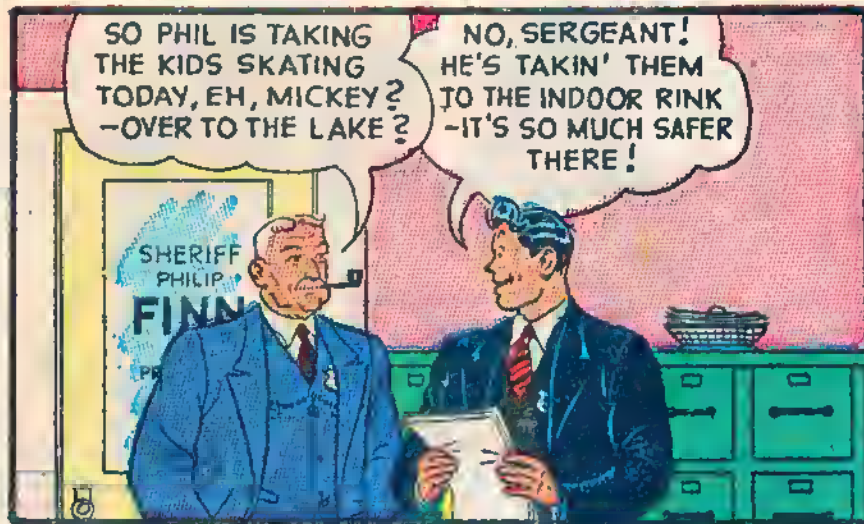
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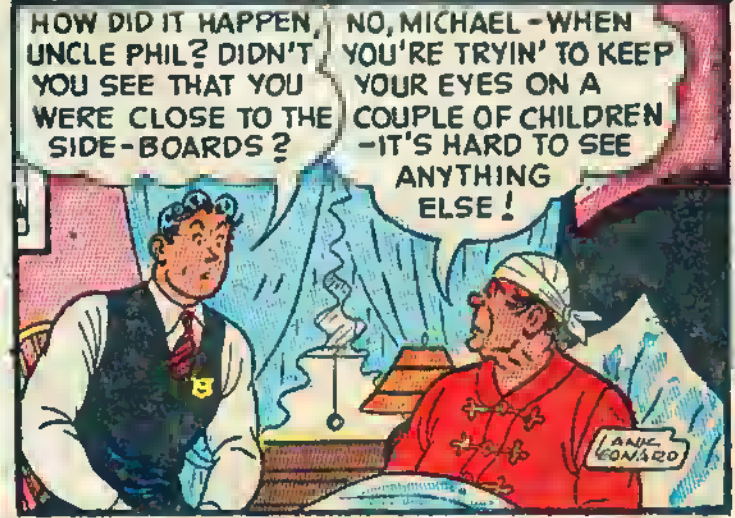
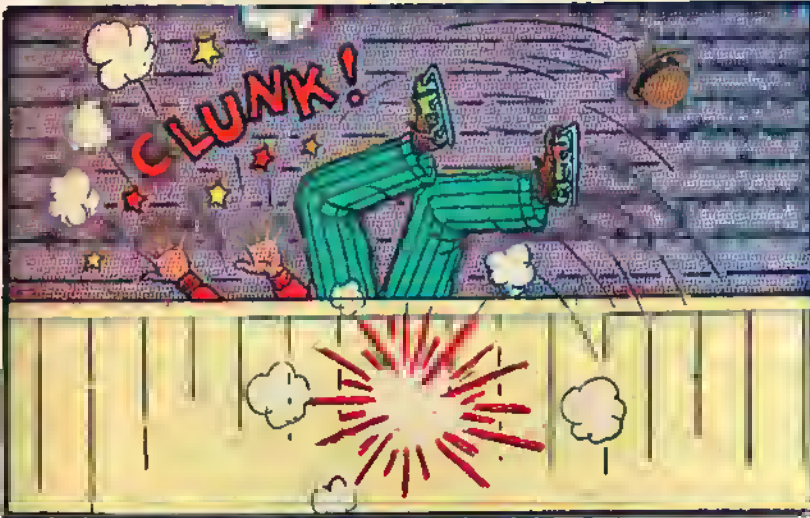
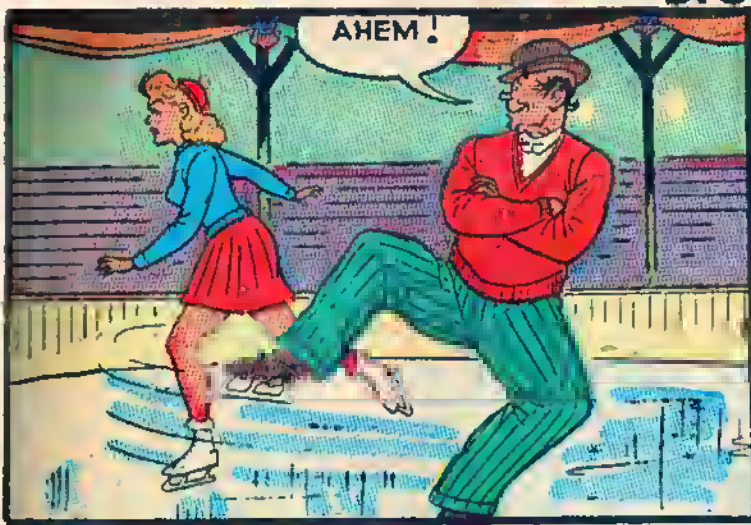
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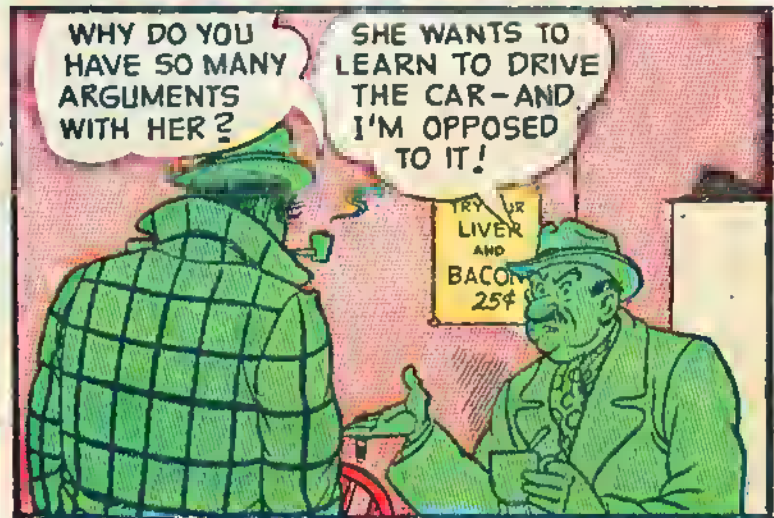
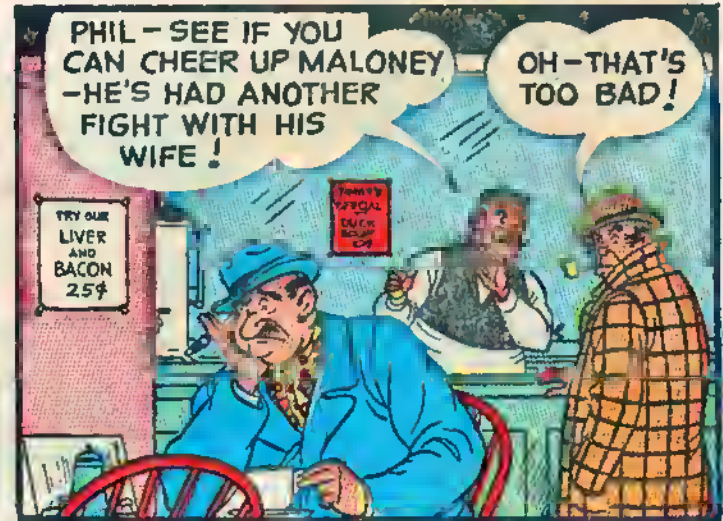
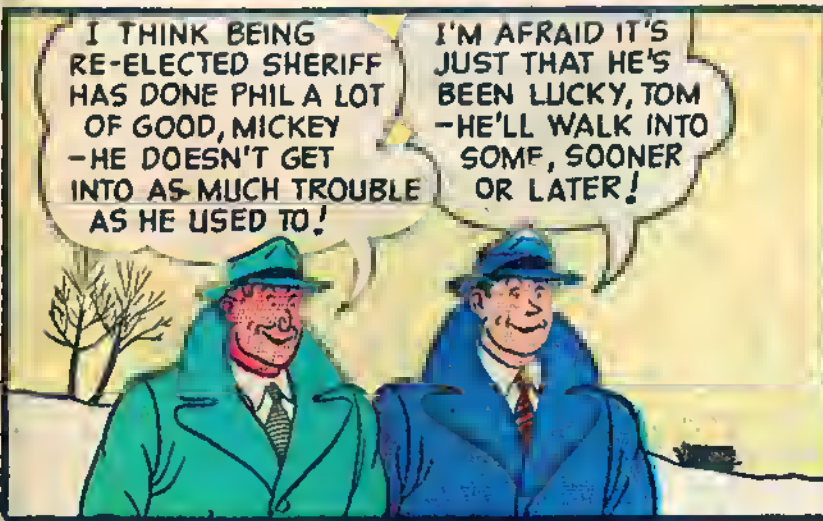
MICKEY FINN

BY
LANK LEONARD

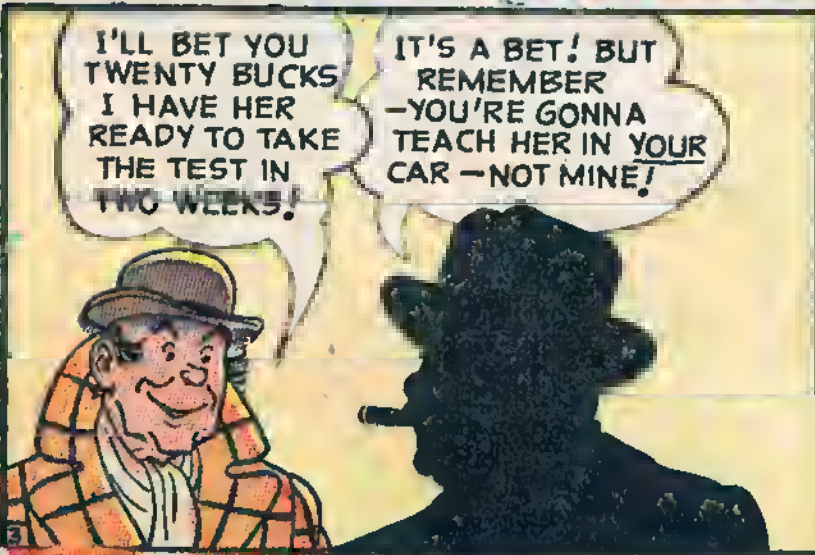
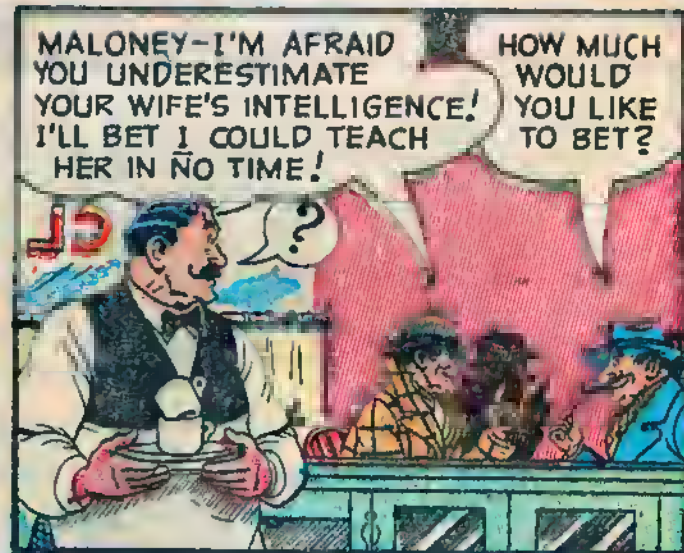
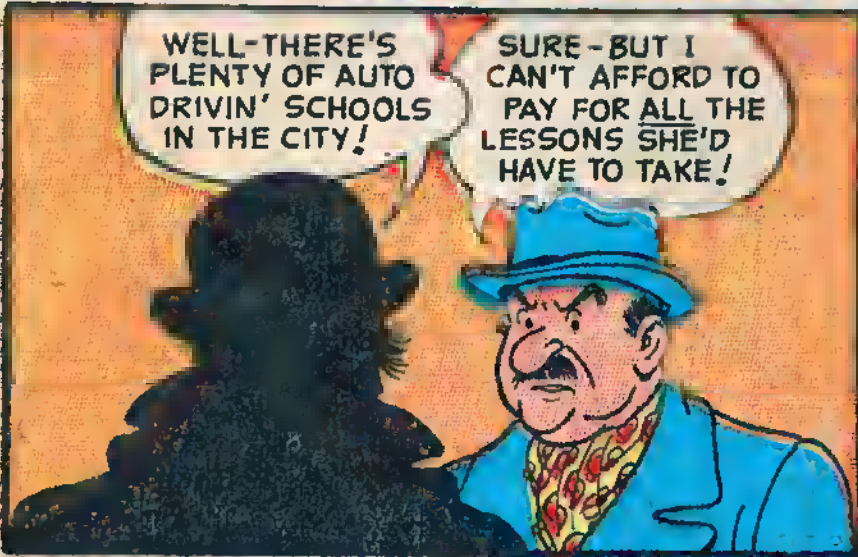
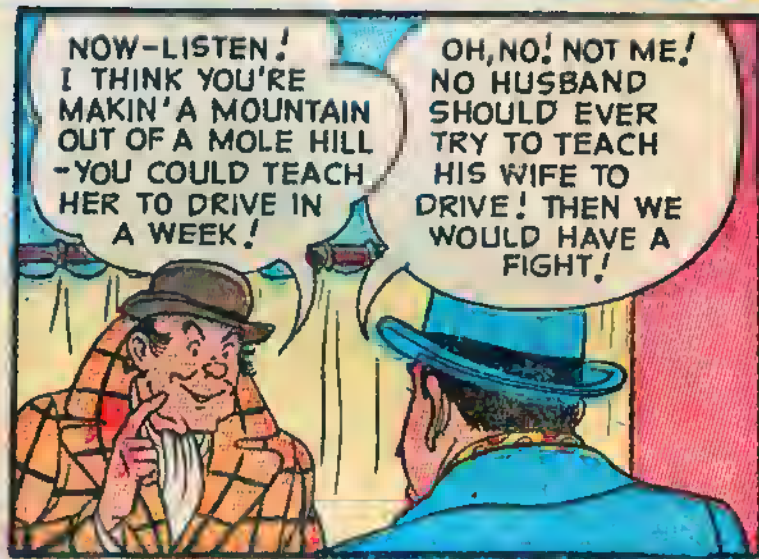
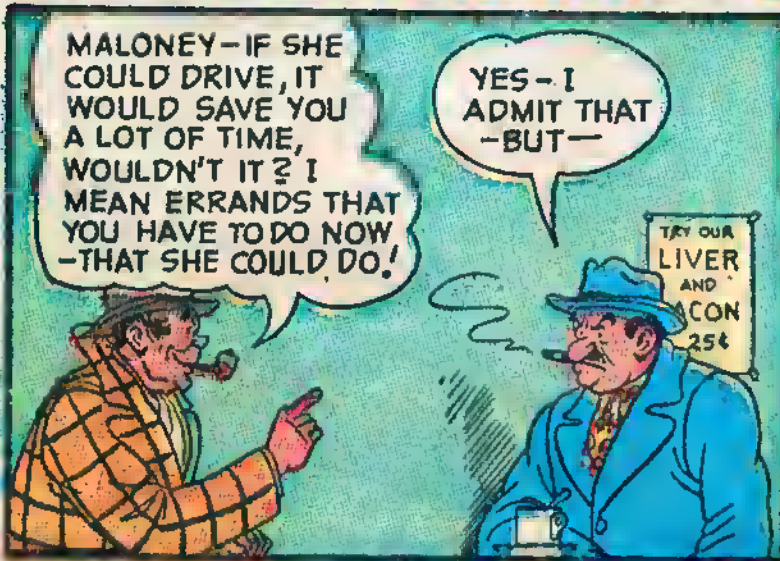
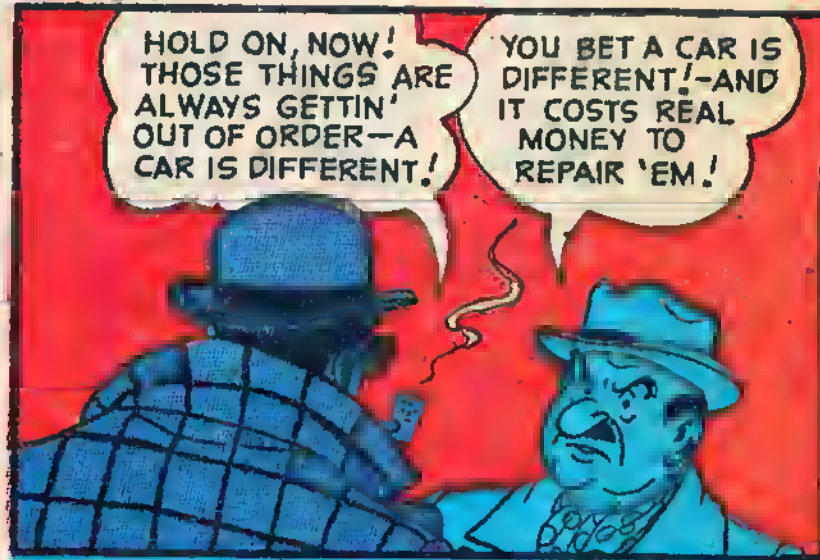
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MICKEY FINN



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

PHIL IS
TEACHING
MRS. MALONEY
HOW TO DRIVE
A CAR!

HER HUSBAND
HAS BET PHIL
\$20.00 THAT
SHE WON'T BE
READY FOR
THE TEST
IN TWO WEEKS,

HOW IS SHE
COMING
ALONG,
UNCLE PHIL?
YOU'VE ONLY
GOT ONE
MORE WEEK!

SHE'S
MAKING
PROGRESS,
MICHAEL!
I'M REALLY
GOING TO
LET HER
DRIVE
TODAY!

WELL, MRS. MALONEY
-ARE YOU ALL SET?
THIS IS THE DAY THAT
I'M GONNA LET
YOU DRIVE!

WONDERFUL!
I'M TAKING
JUNIOR WITH US
-I WANT HIM
TO SEE ME!

IT WON'T START
BECAUSE YOU
FORGOT TO TURN
THE KEY!

OH, YES! HOW
STUPID OF ME!

THAT'S IT
-EASY DOES
IT!

LOOK, JUNIOR
-MAMA IS
DRIVING!

KEEP YOUR
EYES ON THE
ROAD-NEVER
MIND JUNIOR!

JUNIOR -DON'T
STAND UP- SIT
DOWN ON THE
SEAT!

?

MAMA! I'M
SCARED!

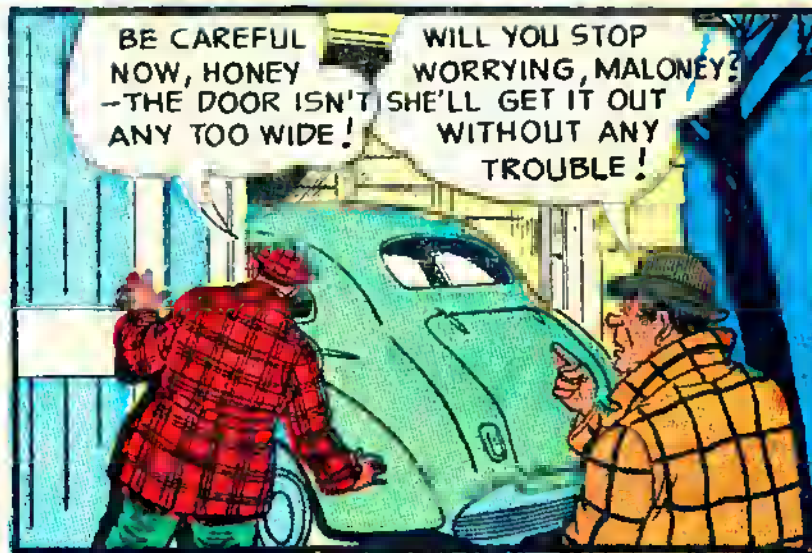
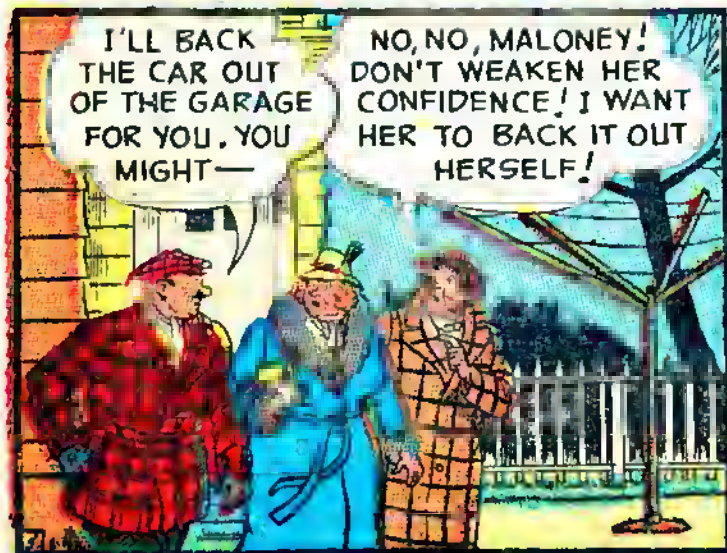
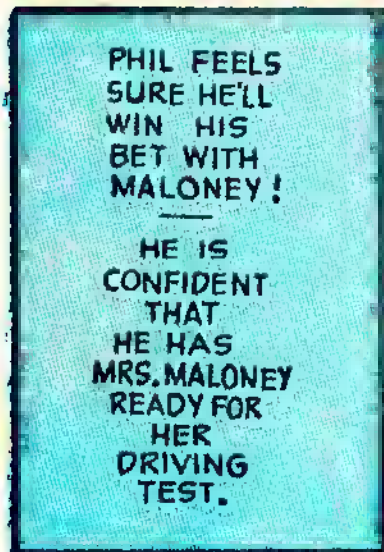
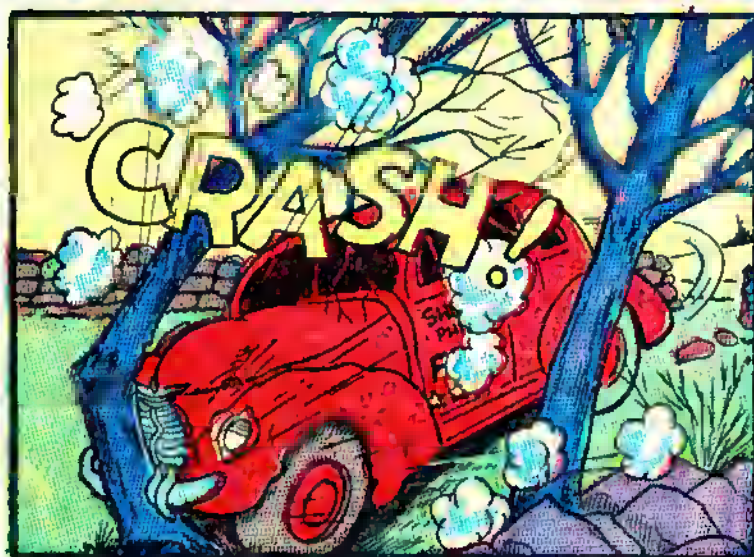
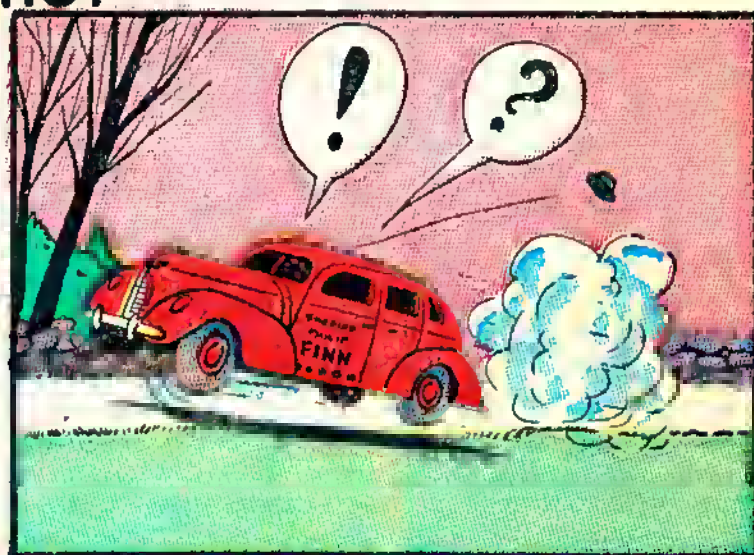
!

CREEE-EK!
EEEEK!

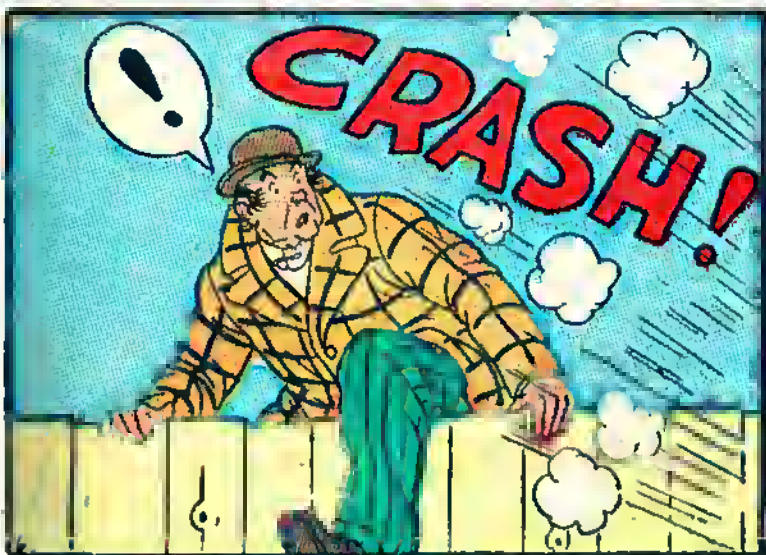
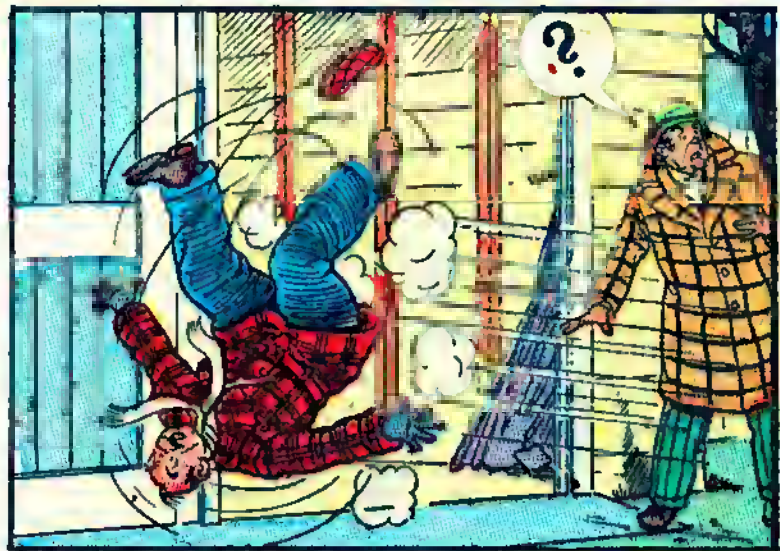
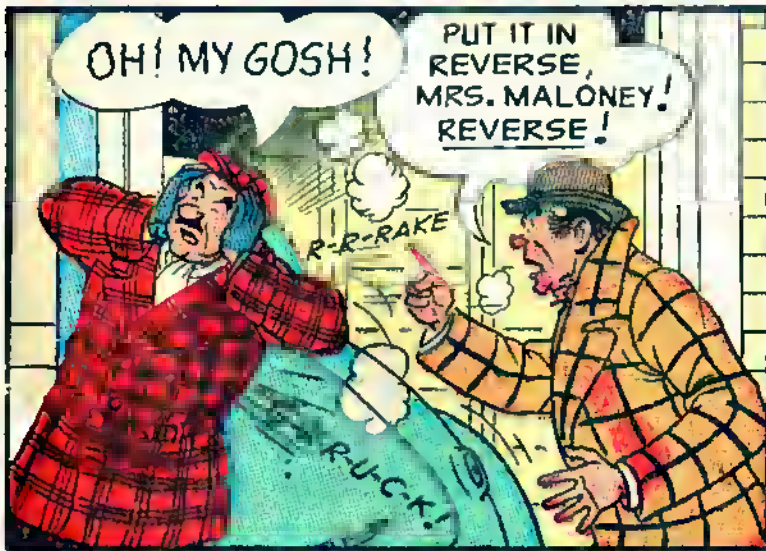
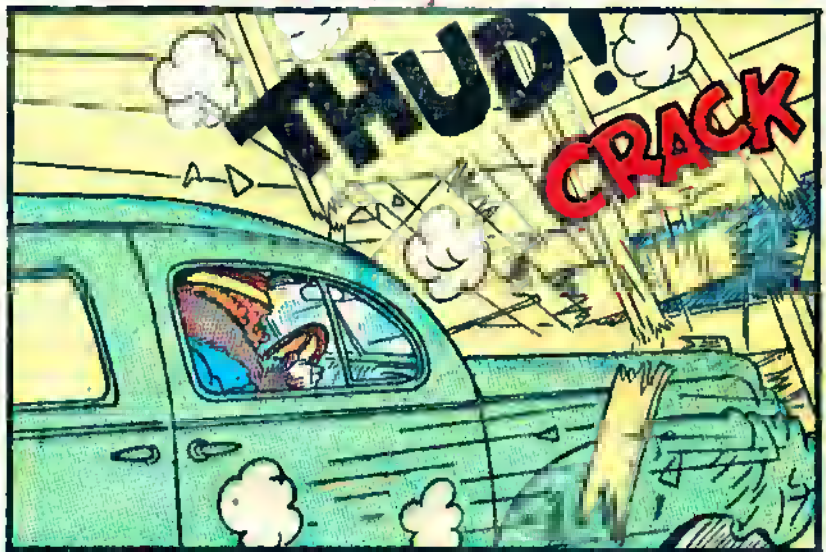
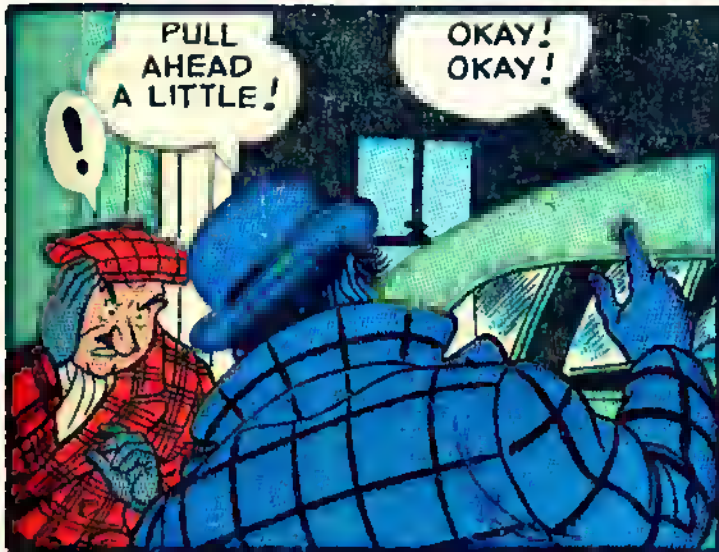
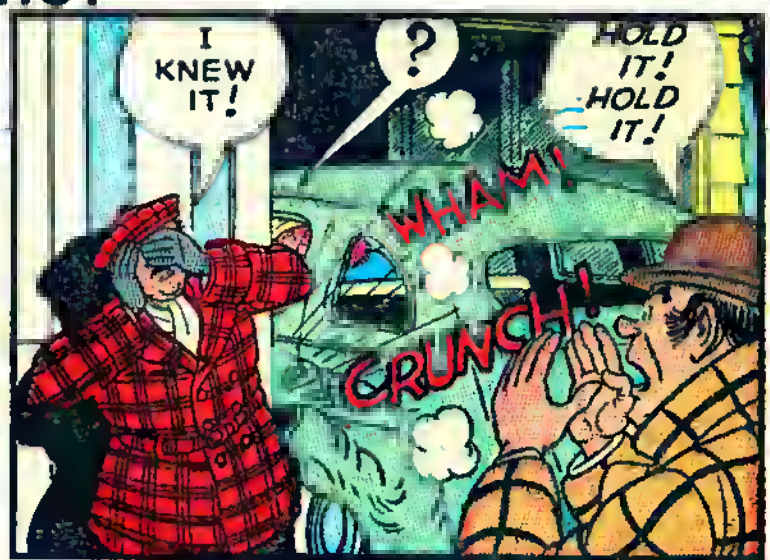
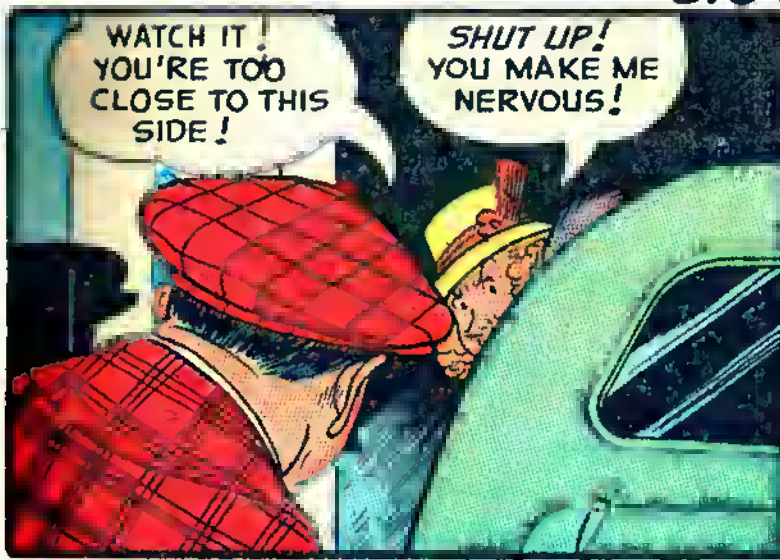
IT WAS JUNIOR'S
FAULT, MRS. MALONEY!
NO DAMAGE WAS DONE
-SO DON'T LOSE YOUR
CONFIDENCE!

I'M ALL RIGHT!
DON'T WORRY!

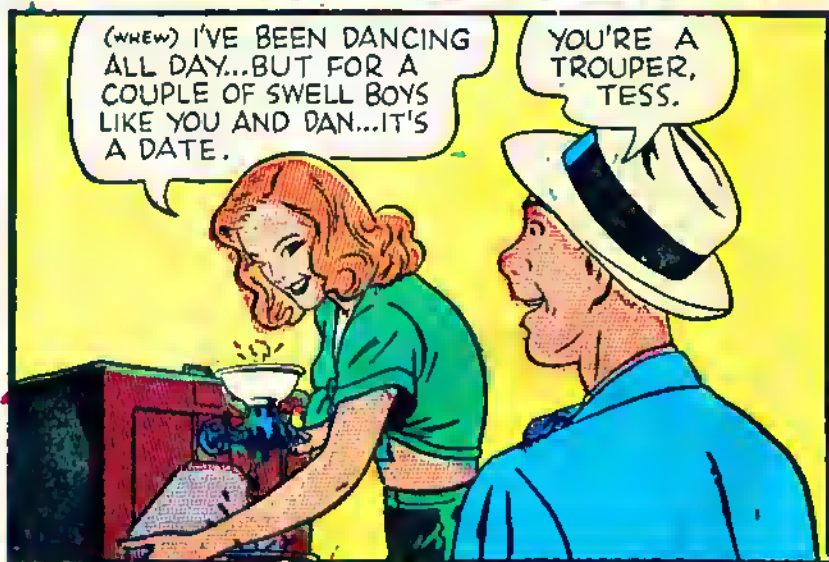
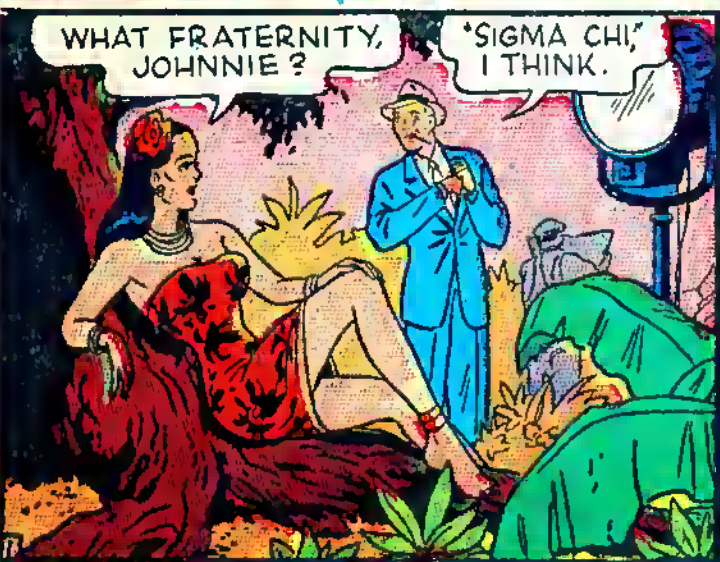
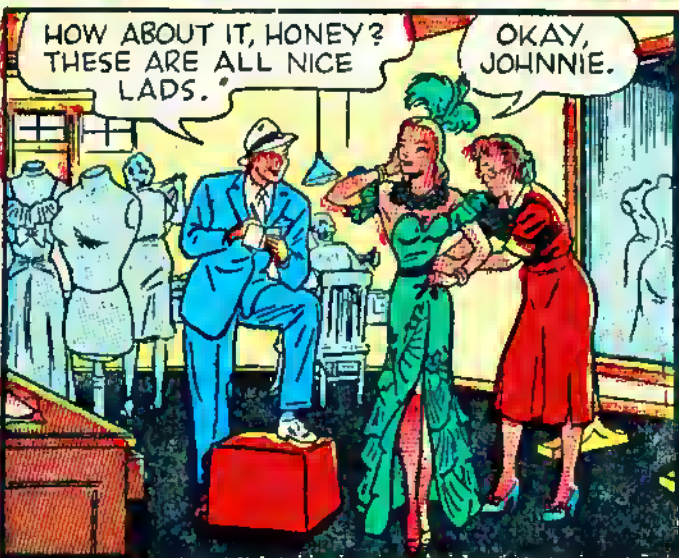
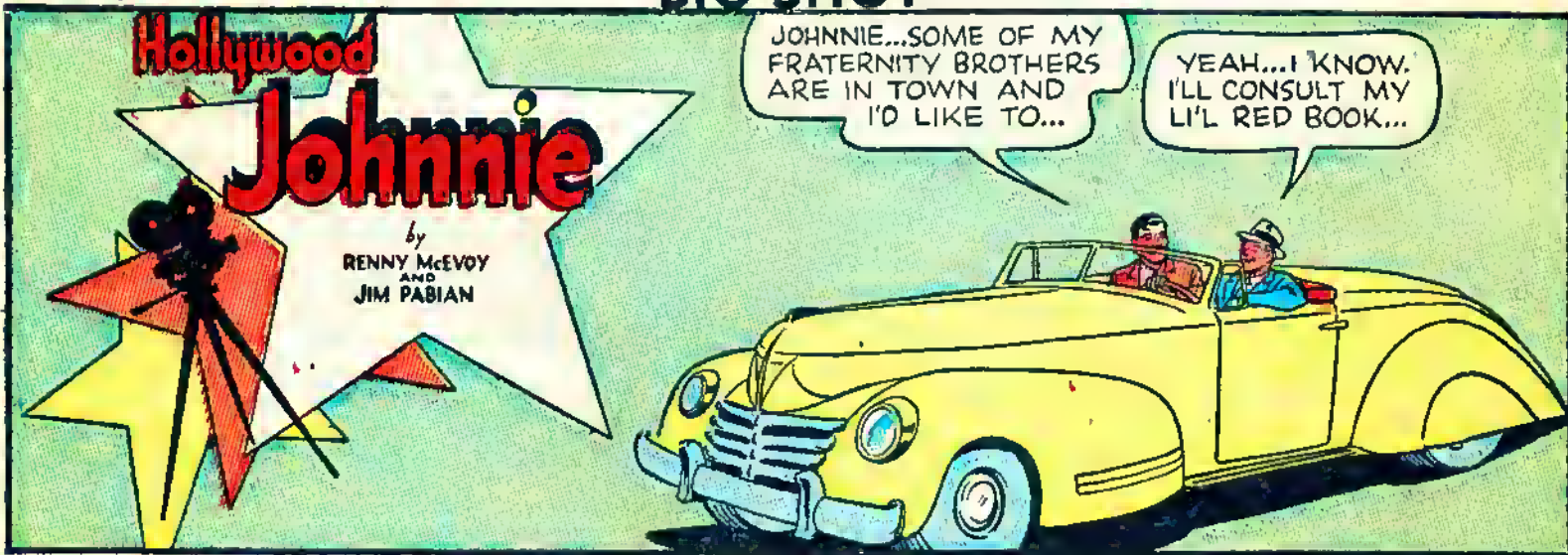
BIG SHOT



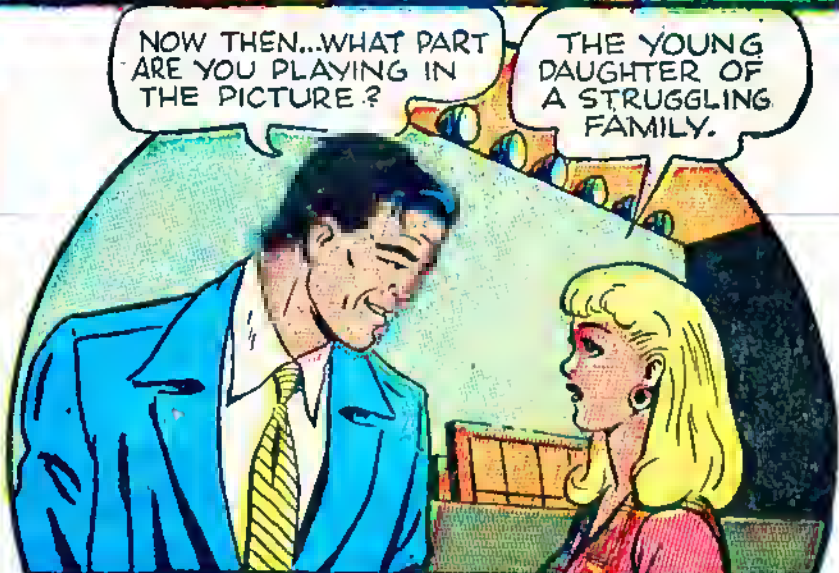
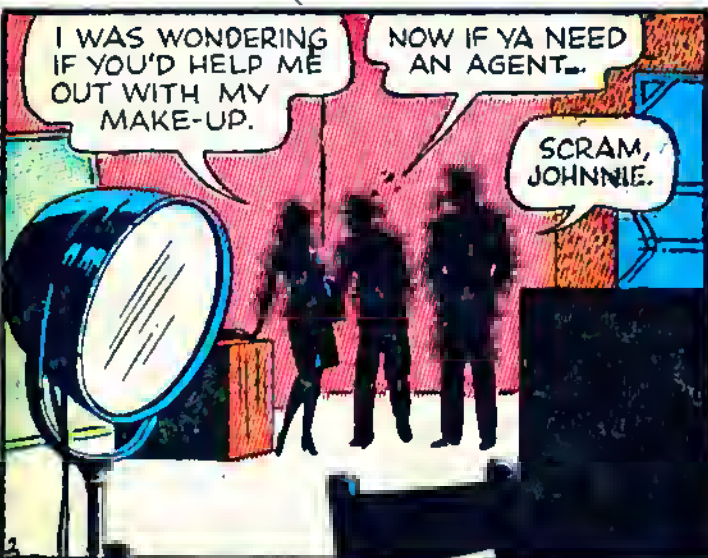
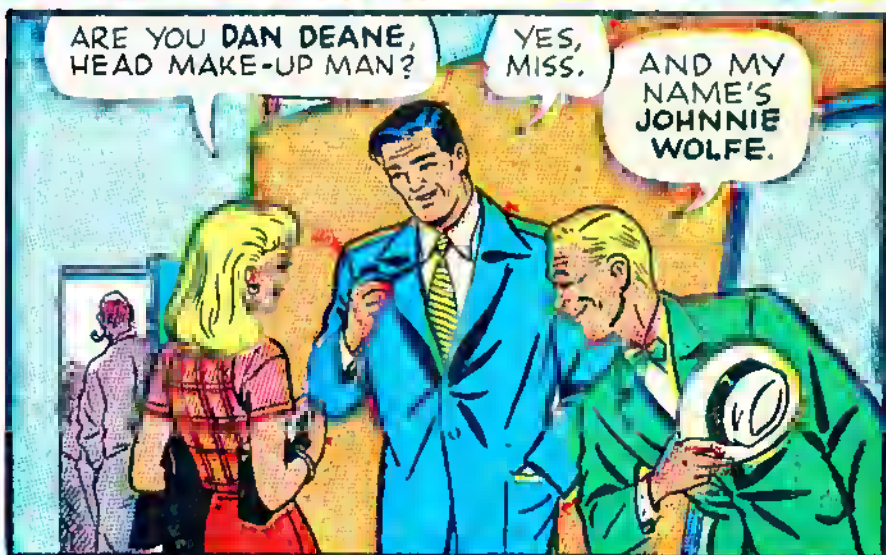
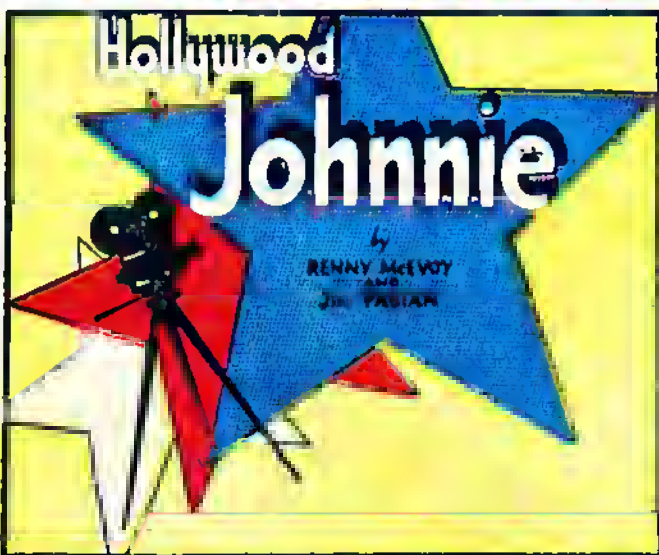
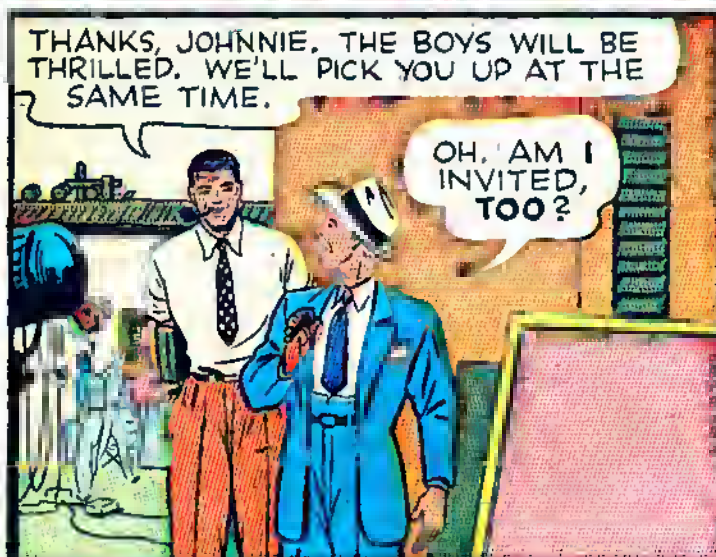
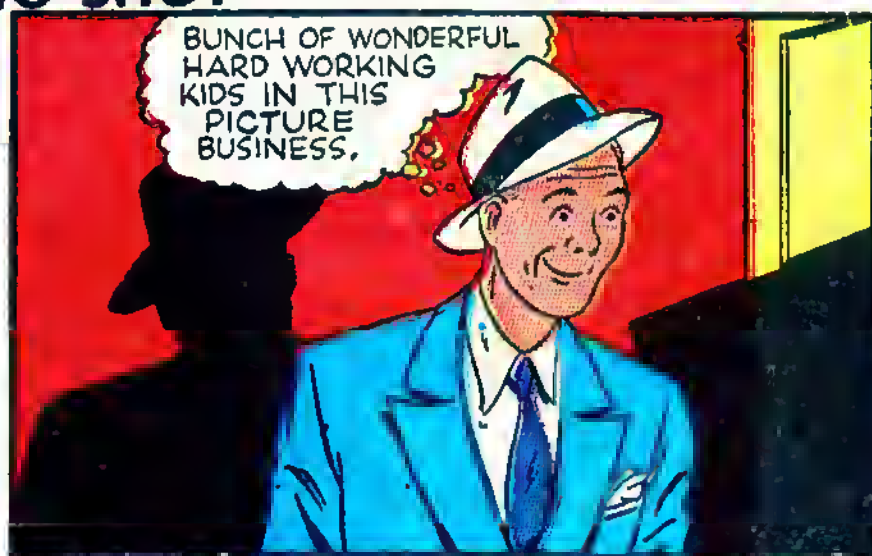
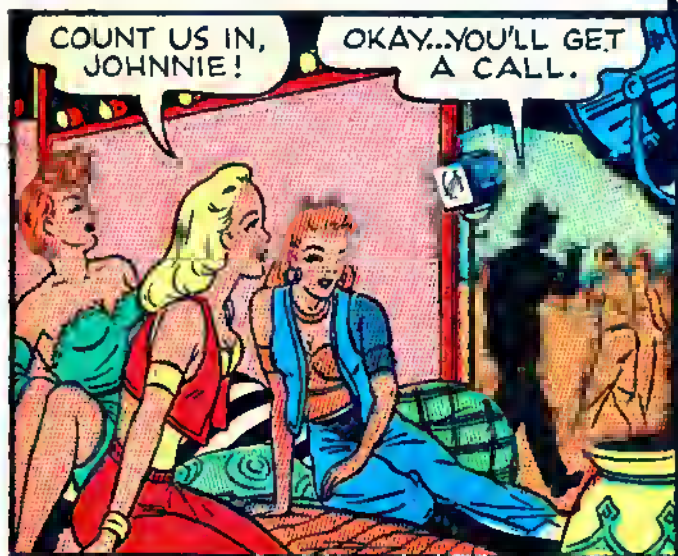
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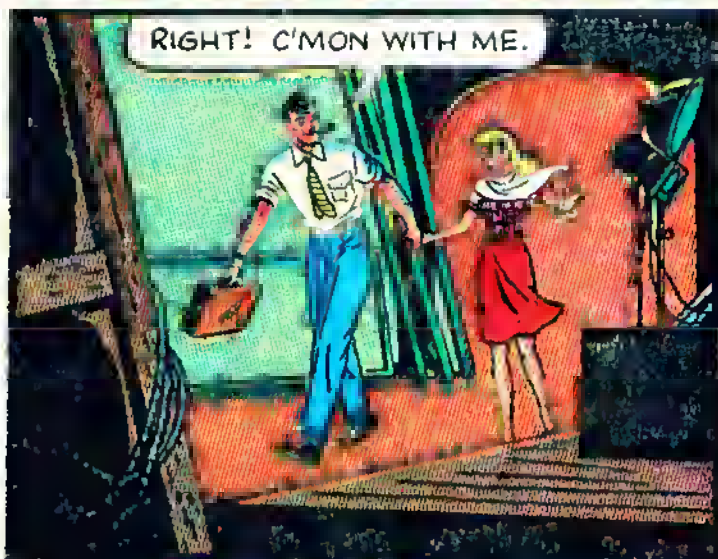
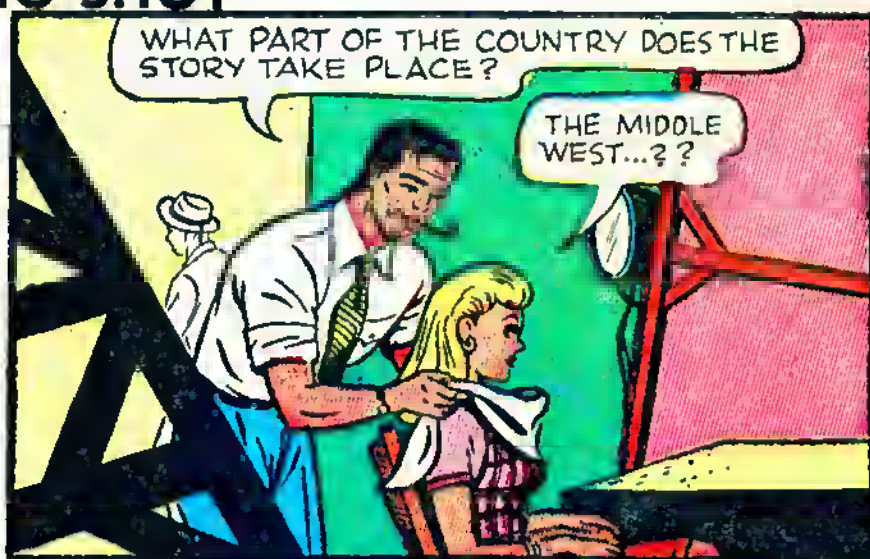
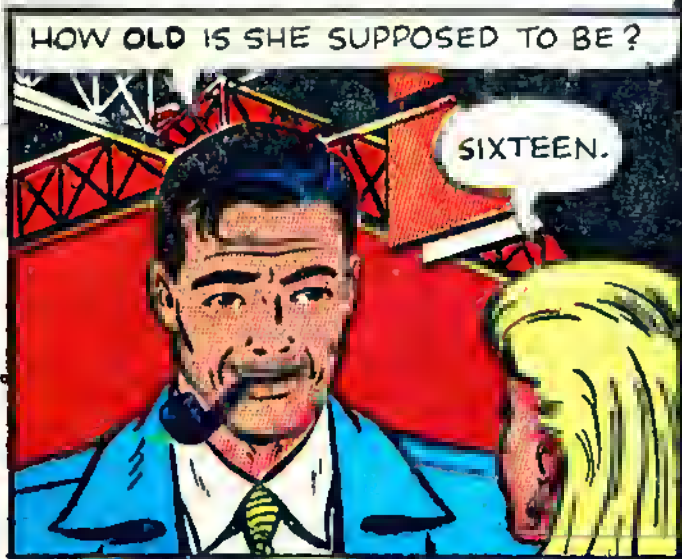
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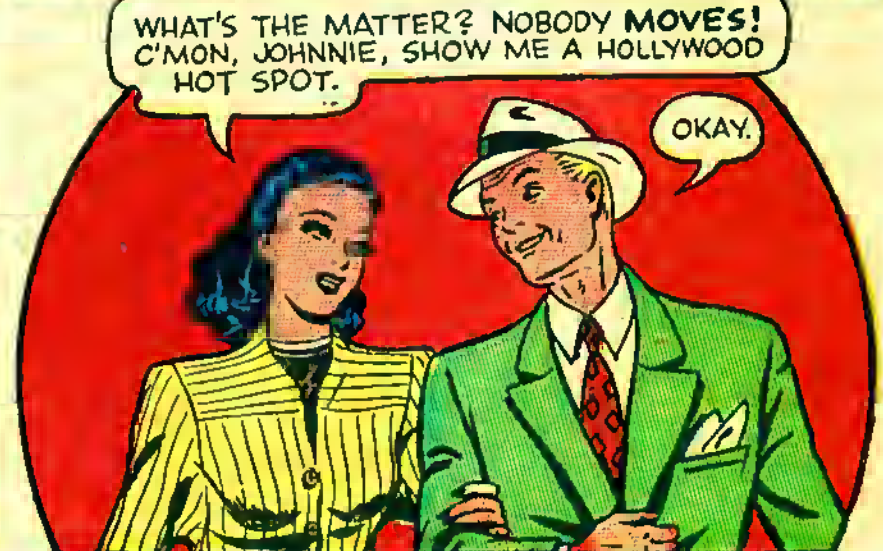
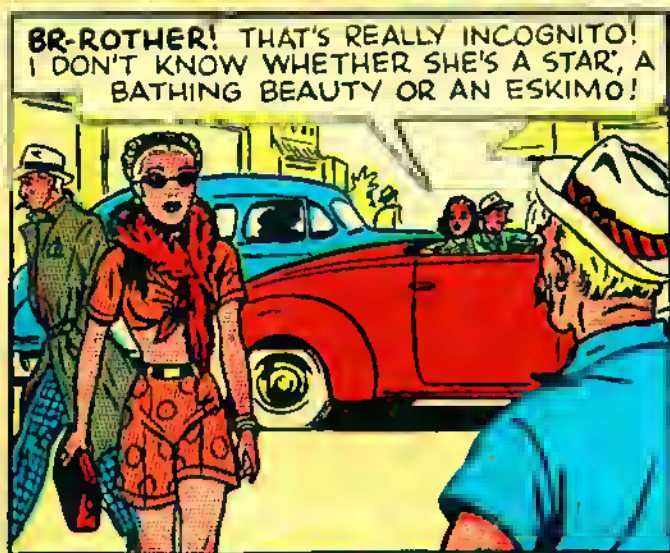
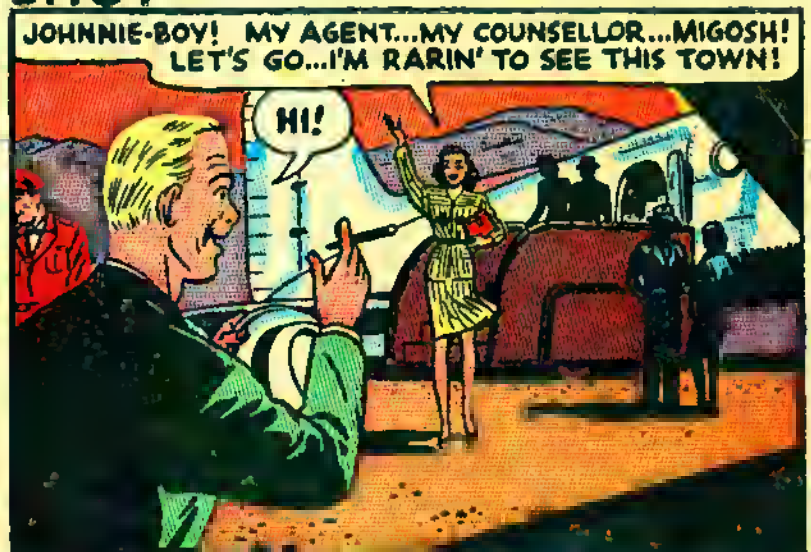


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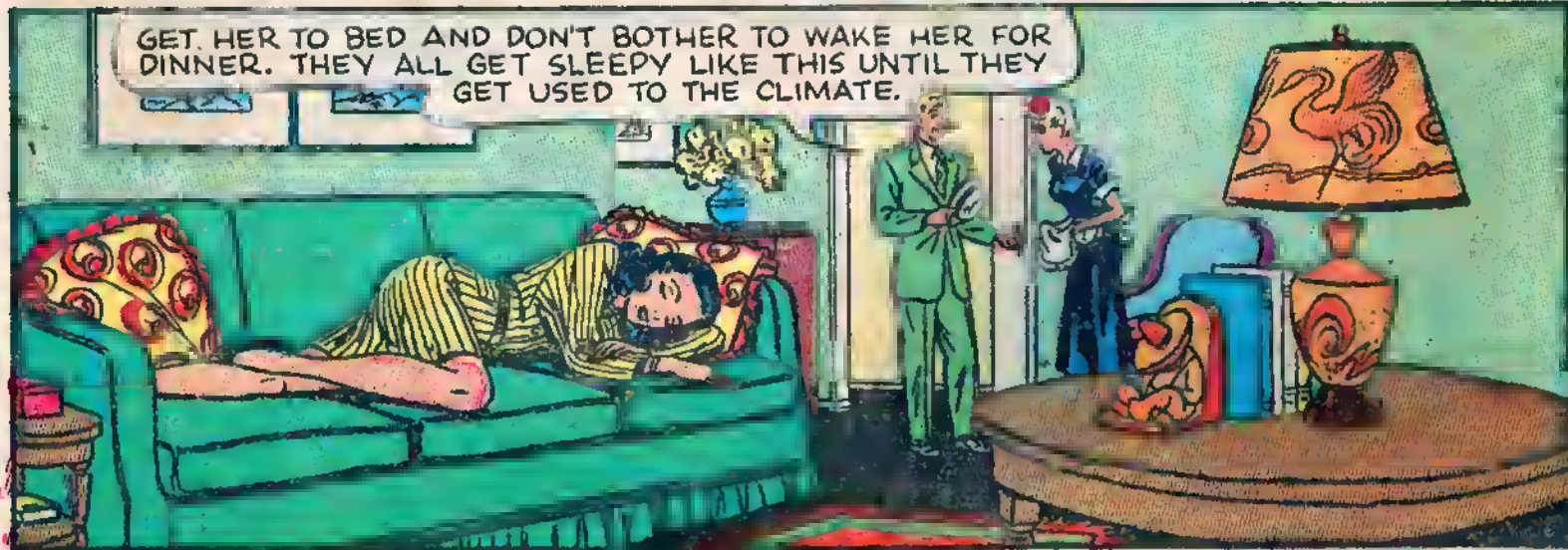
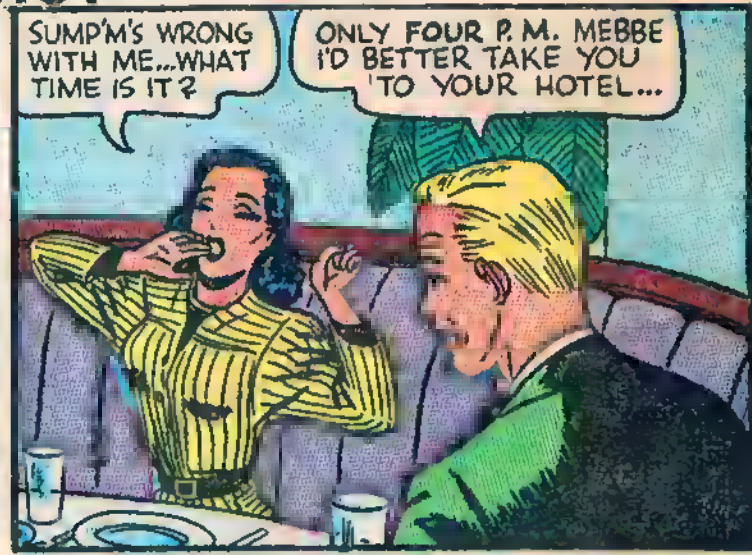


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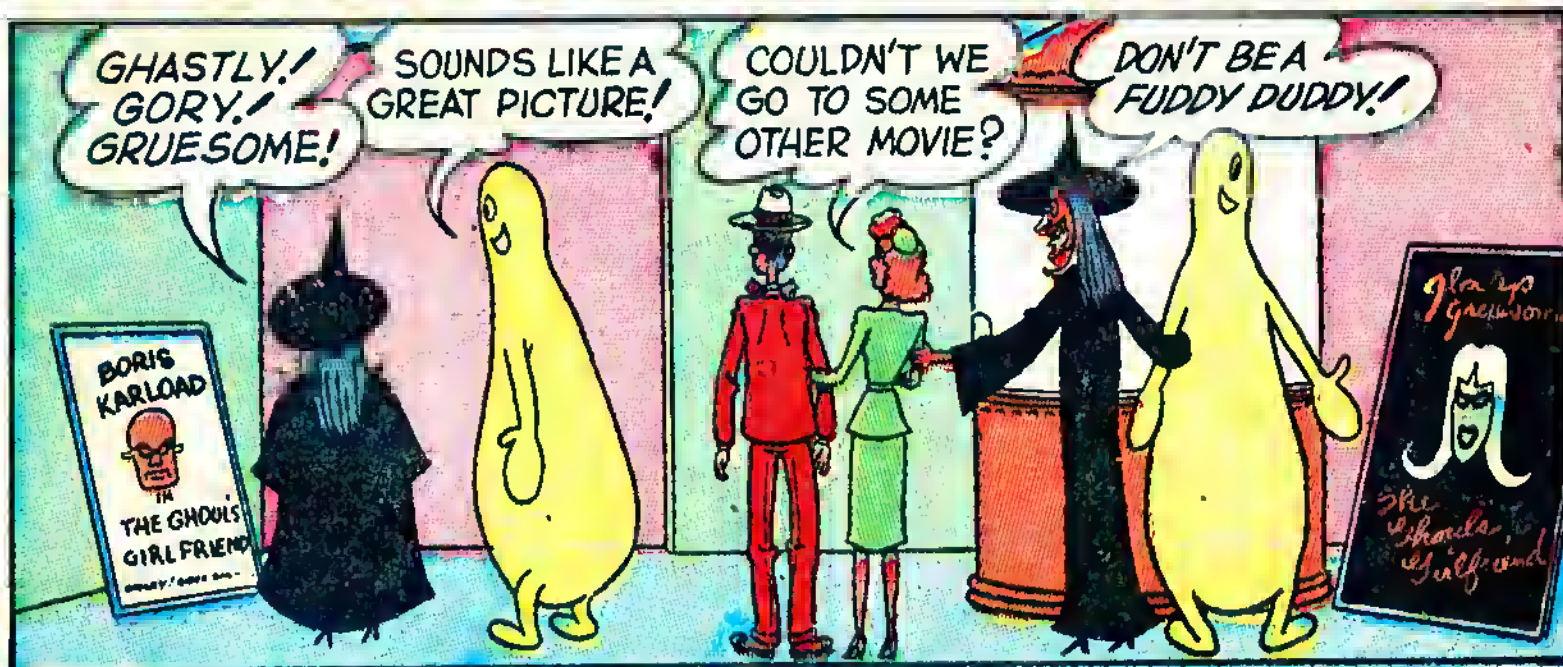
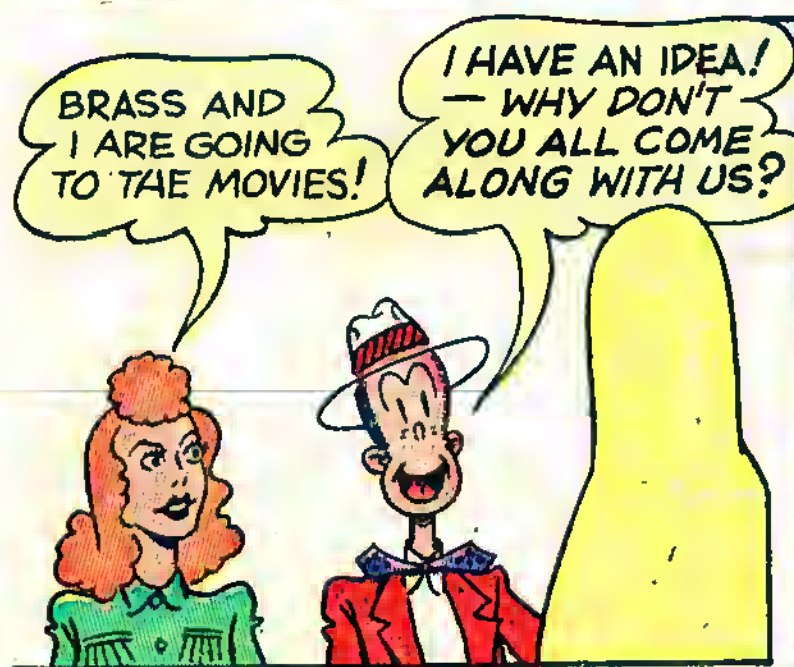
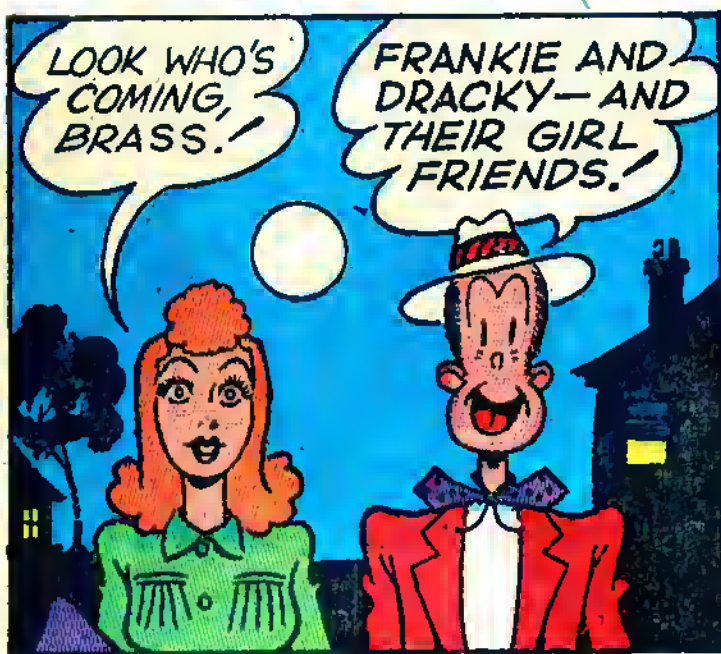
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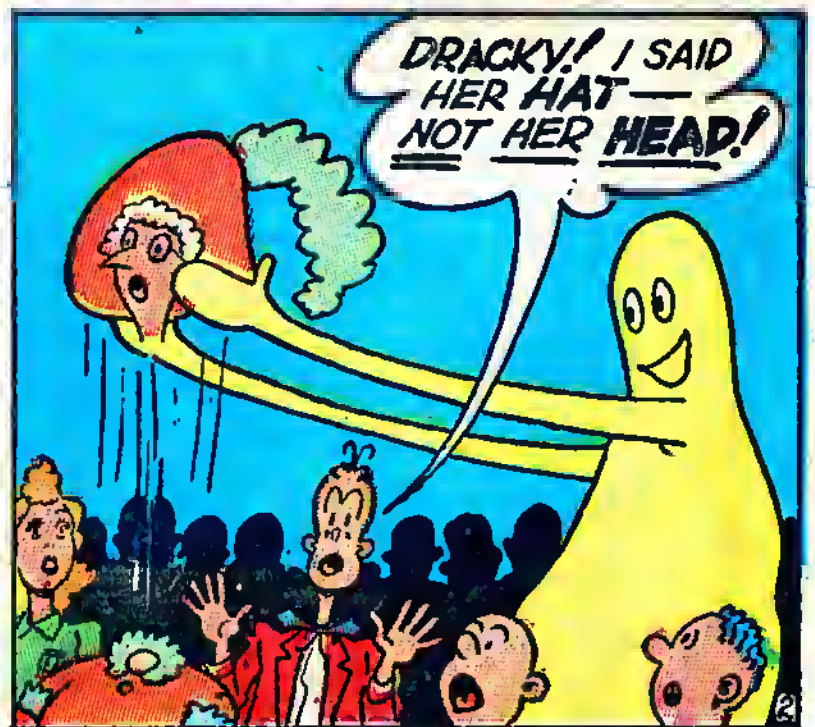
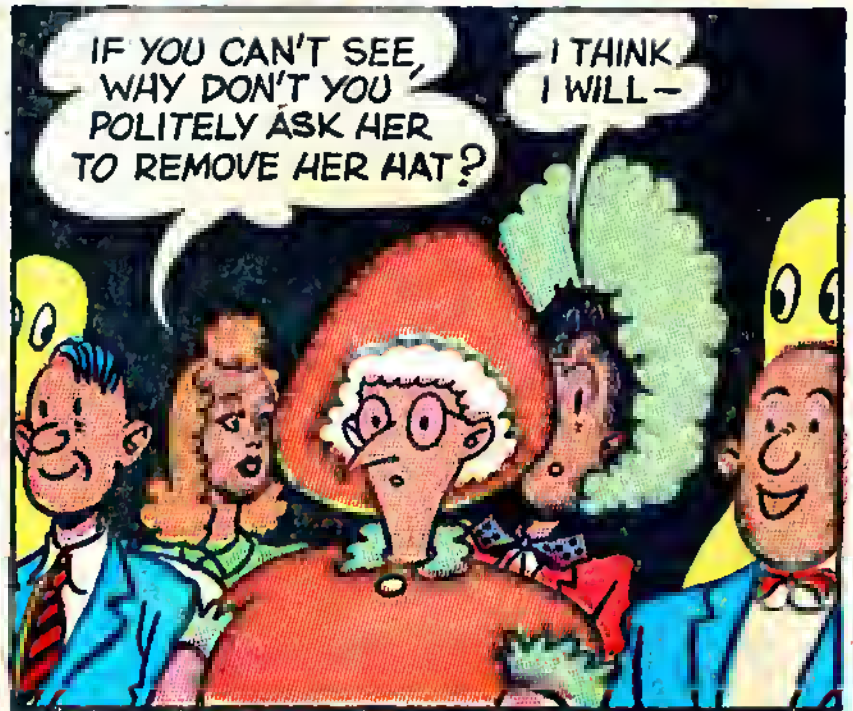
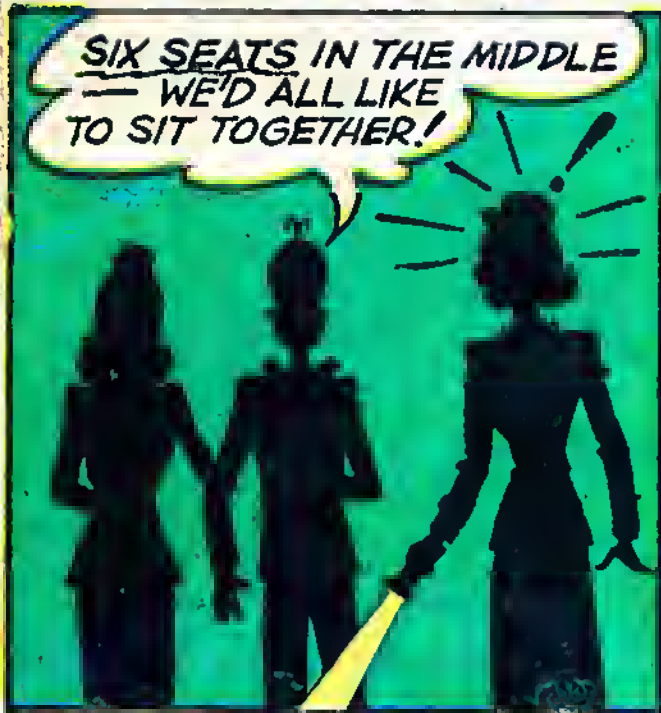
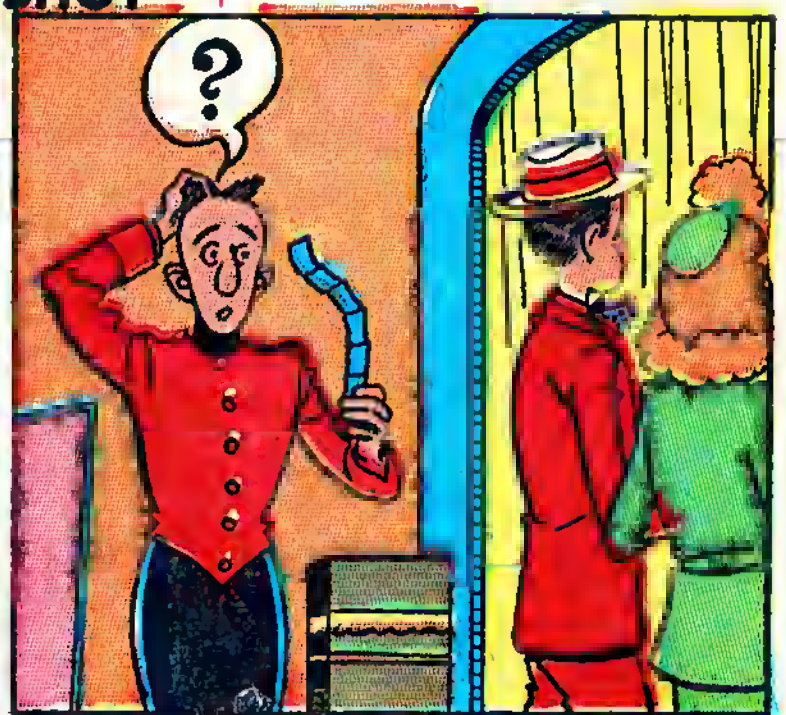
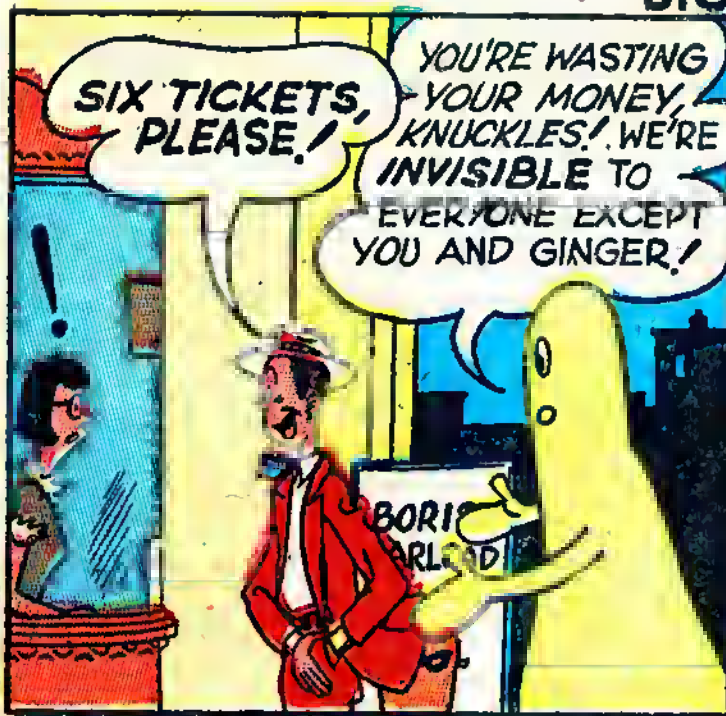
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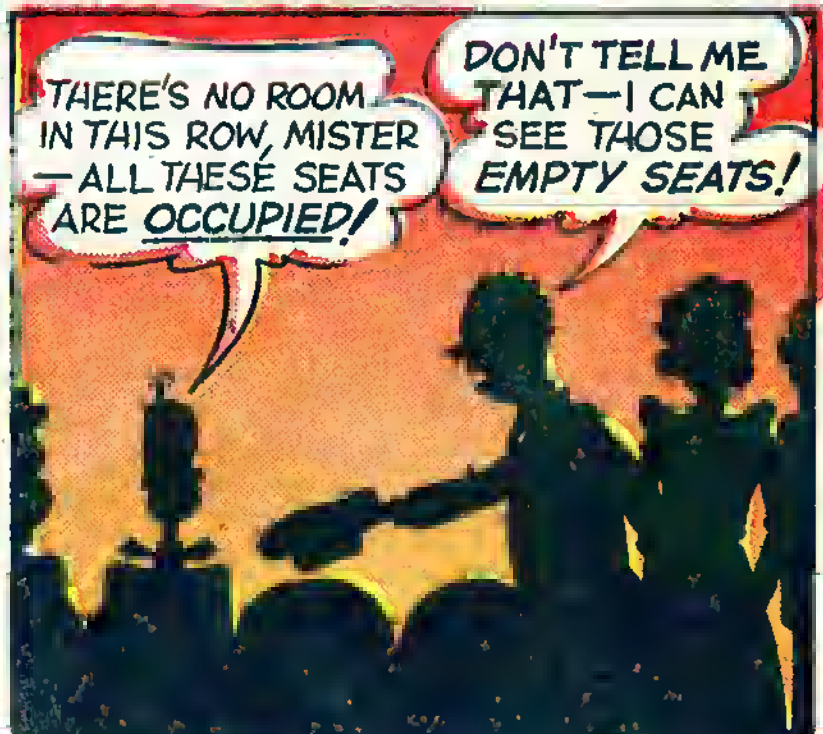
BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

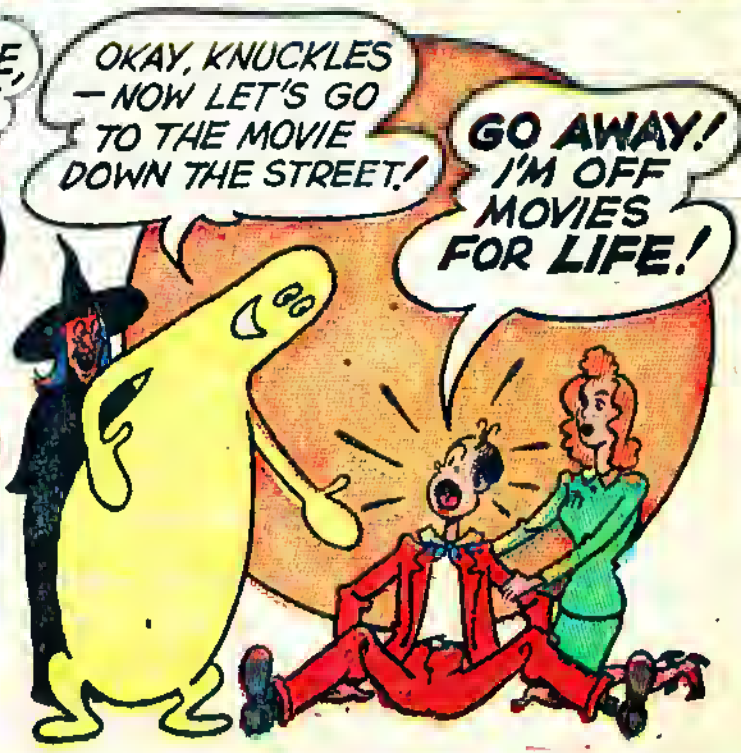
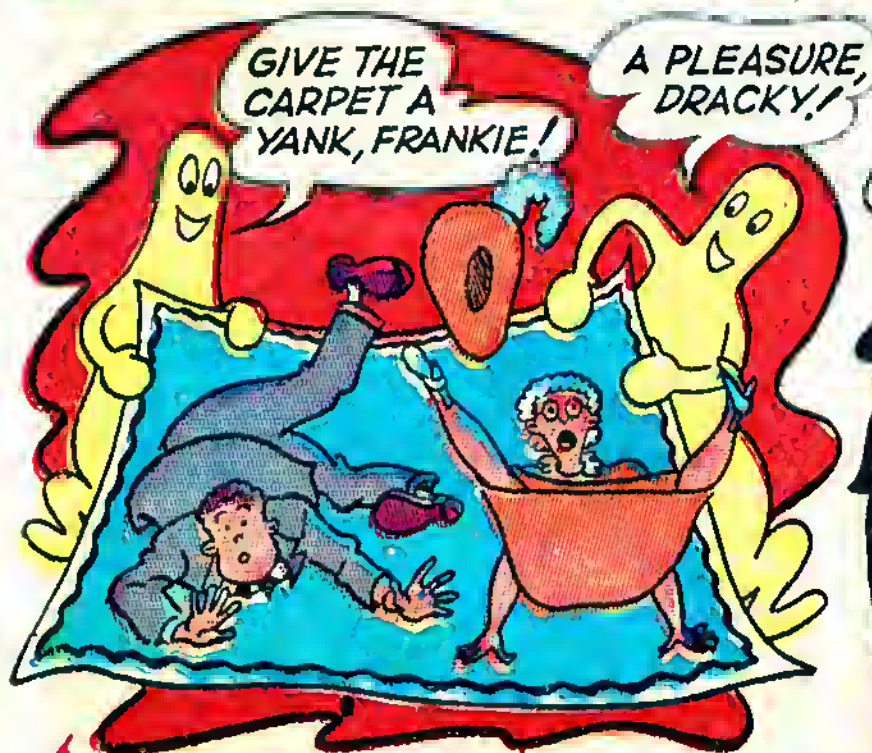
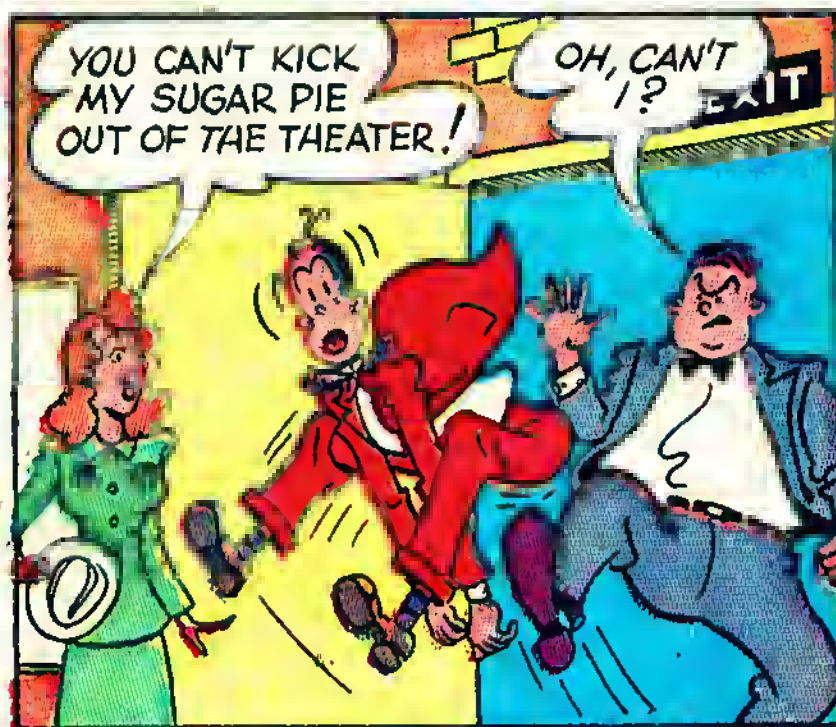
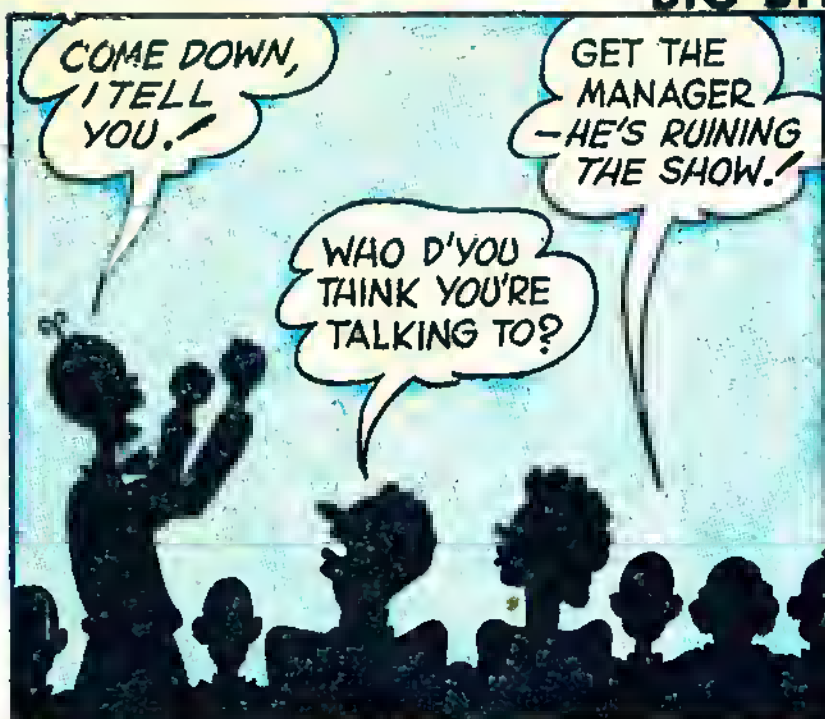




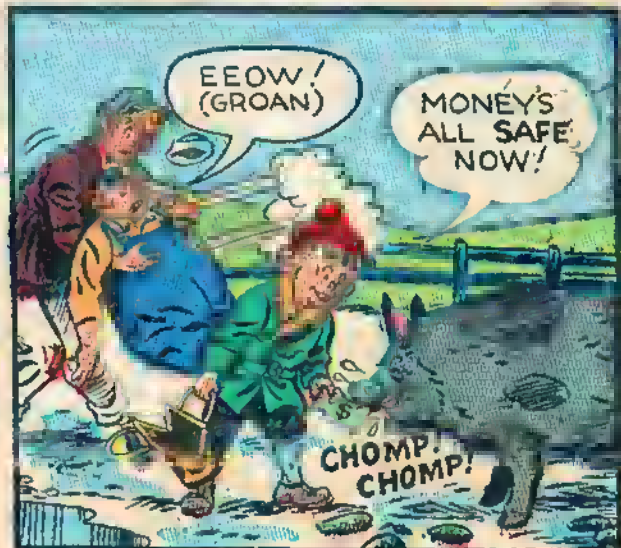
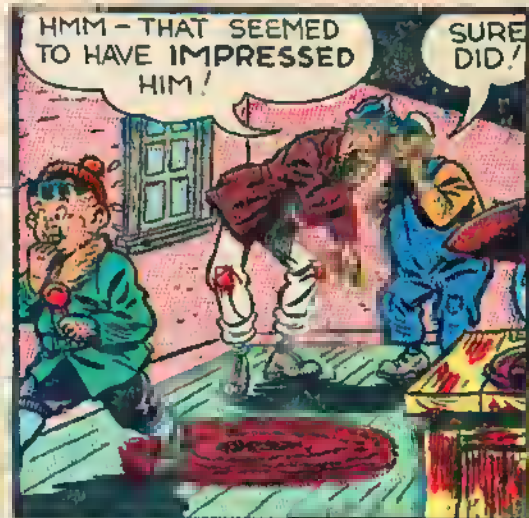
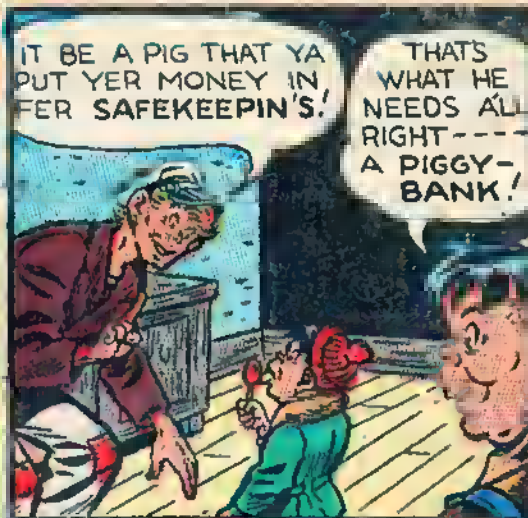
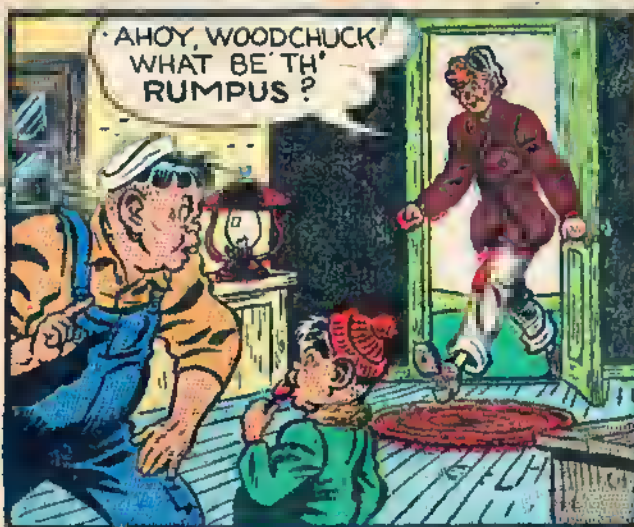
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



A Gentleman Calls

By MART BAILEY

THE WESTERN UNION BOY nearly collapsed out of sheer fright. Surging about him in the sudden light that flooded the hall were three looney creatures, two in night clothes and grinning idiotically, the other sartorially correct but gassy and chalky. Each was armed with a terrible mediaeval weapon.

"Hello, buddy!" cheerfully greeted the carrot-haired scarecrow in the yellow pajamas, lowering his two-handed broadsword. "Who's the telegram for?"

The boy gulped, speechless. A thin little man in a drafty nightshirt put down his wicked-looking battle axe with an air of disappointment at not having been able to use it, and took the yellow envelope from the messenger's trembling fingers.

"It's for you, sir," he told Good Old Bumpy.

"Tip the lad," generously replied the other, taking the telegram. "Get the money from Mr. Gilholy—he's the only one dressed." Tearing open the envelope, he read the contents with twinkling eyes.

Good Old Bumpy stuffed the telegram into the pocket of his yellow pajamas and signalled the nightshirted butler to re-bolt the front door.

"After breakfast we're leaving for Plurtotles," he announced. "Jerry Swancourt's having a big week-end party and Fourth of July celebration."

Don Gilholy winced. He knew what week-end parties at Jerry Swancourt's place meant. And envisaging the added horror of a Fourth of July rivaling in explosive effects the United States Marines' victory at Iwo Jima, his bruised spirit quailed. Still, as Good Old Bumpy ad-

vised, he would be safer there from gangdom's guns—for the present, at least.

* * * * *

GREAT should be the rejoicing of all true Americans on the eve of Independence Day. No real patriot, except those who have scorched their fingers on premature firecrackers, should be downcast. Yet Don Gilholy could not remember when he had ever felt more depressed and despondent.

About him, in the main parlor of Plurtotles Manor (the magnificent estate which three generations of turtle soup canners had erected for Jerry Swancourt to throw parties in) there prevailed the festive spirit of the morrow. No fireworks were yet in evidence, but a thin fusillade of applause crackled through the dusk-lighted chamber. Nearly an hour before, someone had jokingly asked Frankie Crosby to sing. Those who best know that bathroom tenor will tell you this was a *faux pas*—if they can think of the phrase. Frankie, of course, complied, and, soulfully fingering the ivories, blasted through his repertoire of love ballads. This sort of thing is contagious, especially in a group composed mostly of professional and amateur talent. As soon as Frankie was dragged away from the piano, a vacationing master of ceremonies took over. Thereafter the more discriminating guests fled. Adagio dancers, crooners, acrobats, elocutionists, all passed in endless review.

Upon the first indication that this impromptu entertainment was not going to be suppressed, Jack Beerymore hurried to his room for the checkered suit, gray derby, and purple spats he wore in *Limehouse Louey*. (Open Next Month. Matinees Wednesdays.)

BIG SHOT

At the moment when we find Don Gilholy slumped in an isolated armchair and bewailing his existence, the dynamic actor with the classic profile had just seated himself, impatiently awaiting his turn—and towards the piano was moving beautiful Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine.

When Good Old Bumpy first suggested that the vibrant Parisienne be invited to Plurttotles, Don's joy knew no bounds. Now he wished he had never rested eyes upon the luscious French ambassadoress to Broadway's night club life. Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine (he used to call her "Fifi") had become the bane of his life, a thorn in his side, a pain in the neck, a— but you get the idea. During the past two days, whenever the buoyant mademoiselle approached, Don positively shuddered.

For, strangely enough, Fifi knew all about Benny Ratsoff's intentions. And she heartily approved! Don quivered to the roots as he remembered the enthusiasm sparkling in her dark eyes when she compared the inevitable meeting of Don and Benny Ratsoff to the tournaments which chivalrous knights fought for their ladies fair. Don's assurances that Benny Ratsoff, the gangster, intended only giving him a slight case of cold-blooded murder, possibly in a cement block at the bottom of the East River, made no impression; and his frank admissions of cowardice, where underworld gunmen were concerned, only occasioned an unbelieving smile. Don goose-pimpled when he recalled the joyous parting of crimson lips and the flash of white teeth in the late afternoon sunlight as the little French girl exclaimed delightedly: "Zees duel, eez eet not wonderful? My name will be in all thees newspapers!" And this was the woman he loved!

Watching the mademoiselle fluff her raven hair and tongue her alluring red lips while the pianist trilled through the introductory bars, Don groaned aloud. But deep as was his dejection then, it was plunged deeper when Fifi turned to him and throatily began crooning, "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

Winching, Don shut his eyes and held his hands to his ears. So effective were these measures in shutting out the world and the underworld that Don first recognized that someone desired his attention only when someone pinched his arm. Opening his eyes, but still holding his ears, Don saw Randolph the butler towering above him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," whispered the perfect servant and mace wielder. "But there is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

Don lessened the pressure against his ears, intending to admit only the butler's words, but now even the utmost caution could not stem out the throaty blasts of Fifi, who was giving of her best.

"What do you want?" he growled.

Patiently the butler repeated that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Don Gilholy.

"Where is he?"

"In the back driveway, by the servants' quarters, sir. That is how I—"

"What's his name?" demanded the columnist in a cracked whisper.

"He did not say, sir. He just said he wished to see you, and that he hadn't a lot of time to spare waiting, either."

Don caught the butler's wrist. "What does the gentleman look like?" he gulped.

Randolph frowned down at his wrinkled cuff, but the columnist, clutching it like the Last Straw, refused to let go. Philosophically, Randolph sighed and began his word portrait: "He is a short, dark gentleman with beetling black brows, a squashed nose, and—" Randolph, like a meticulous Rembrandt, carefully added the last brush-stroke to complete the portrait: "—and a long knife scar on his right cheek."

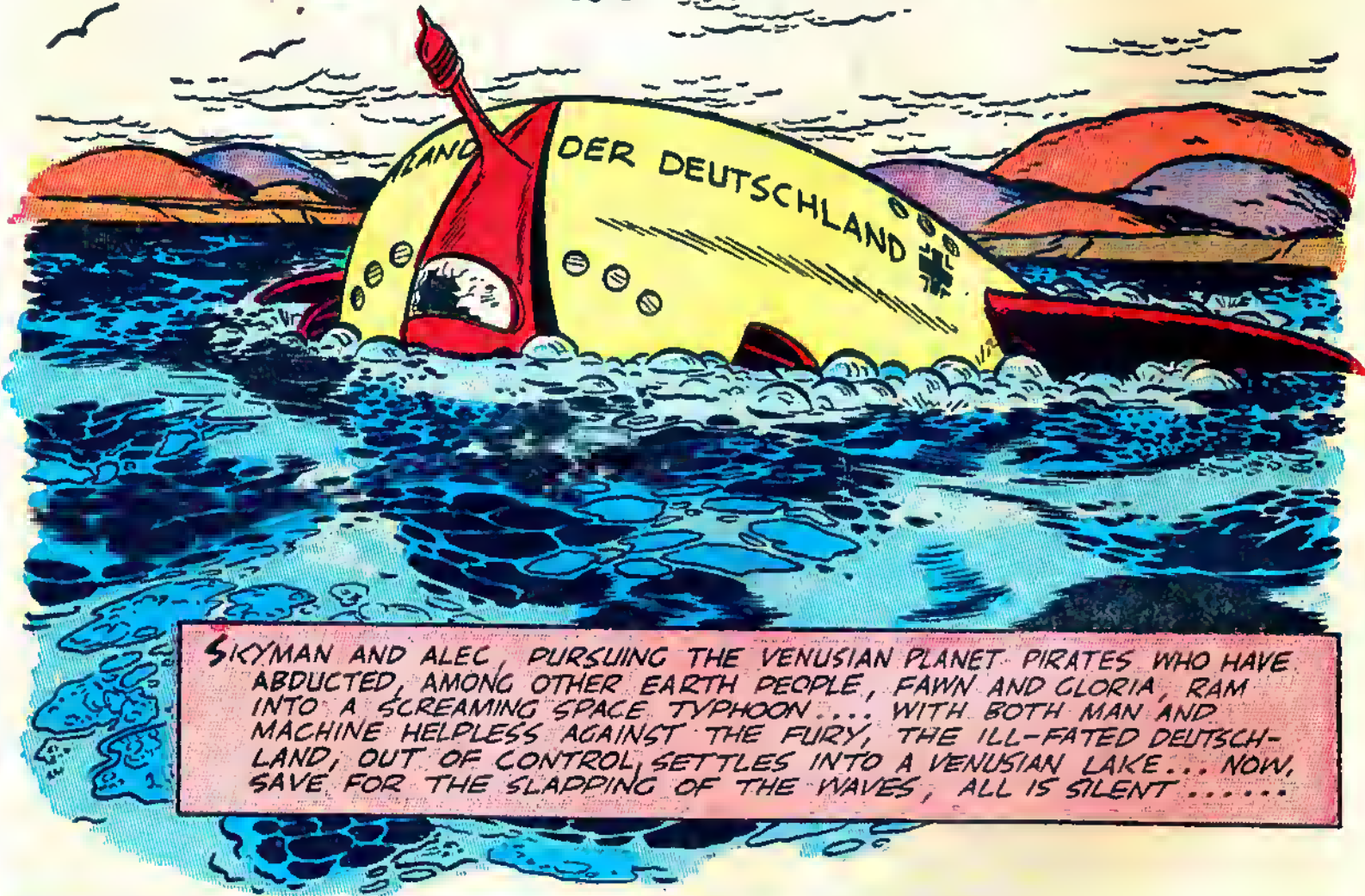
"Benny Ratsoff!" blurted the columnist, white-faced.

For an instant he was petrified in the act of rising from the armchair, mouth and eyes agape, one hand gripping the servant's wrist, the other distended in mid-air. Then he leaped to his feet, rushed wildly across the parlor, heedless of astonished glances and exclamations, and disappeared beyond a portiered archway, pursued by a scorching glare from Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine, whom his flight had interrupted in the closing bars of "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

A few seconds later he was frantically barricading the door of his bedroom. Upon the night table, dresser, and floor lamp, second thought prompted him to fling the feather pillows. And then, trembling in every muscle, he crawled under the bed.

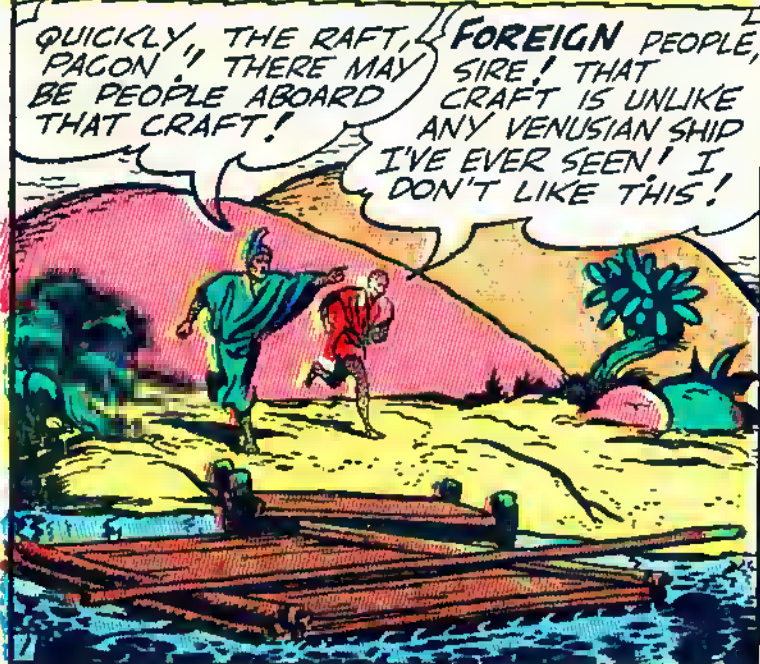
The SKYMAN

By Cydon Whittaker



SKYMAN AND ALEC, PURSUING THE VENUSIAN PLANET-PIRATES WHO HAVE ABDUCTED, AMONG OTHER EARTH PEOPLE, FAWN AND GLORIA, RAM INTO A SCREAMING SPACE TYPHOON... WITH BOTH MAN AND MACHINE HELPLESS AGAINST THE FURY, THE ILL-FATED DEUTSCHLAND, OUT OF CONTROL, SETTLES INTO A VENUSIAN LAKE... NOW, SAVE FOR THE SLAPPING OF THE WAVES, ALL IS SILENT.....

BUT AT THE LAKE'S EDGE...



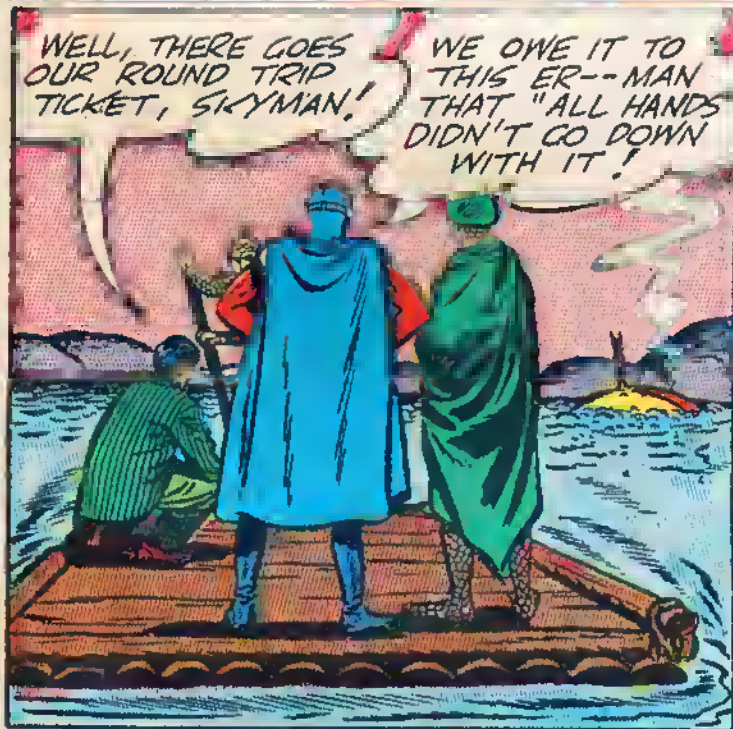
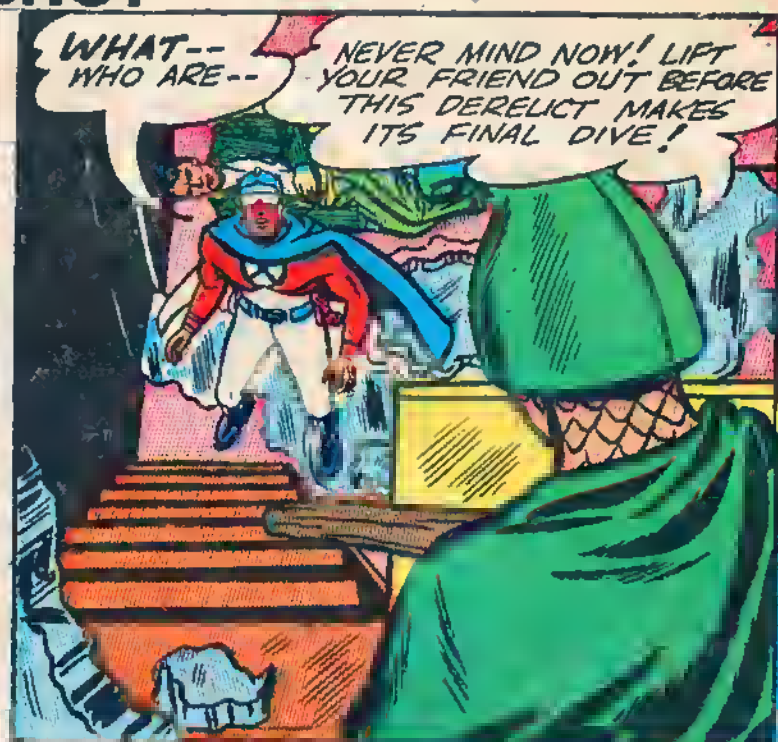
QUICKLY, THE RAFT, PAGON! THERE MAY BE PEOPLE ABOARD THAT CRAFT!

FOREIGN PEOPLE, SIRE! THAT CRAFT IS UNLIKE ANY VENUSIAN SHIP I'VE EVER SEEN! I DON'T LIKE THIS!

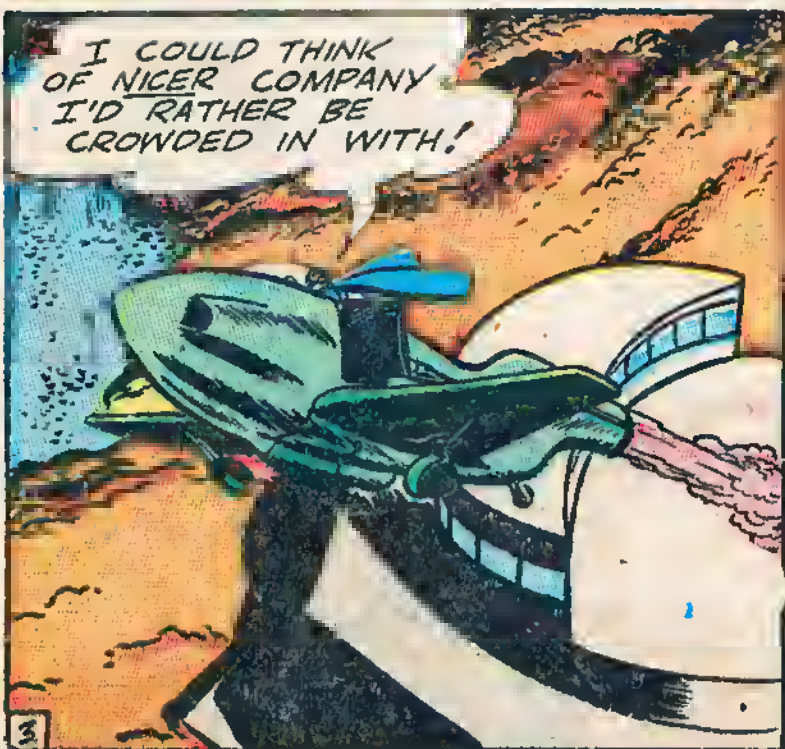
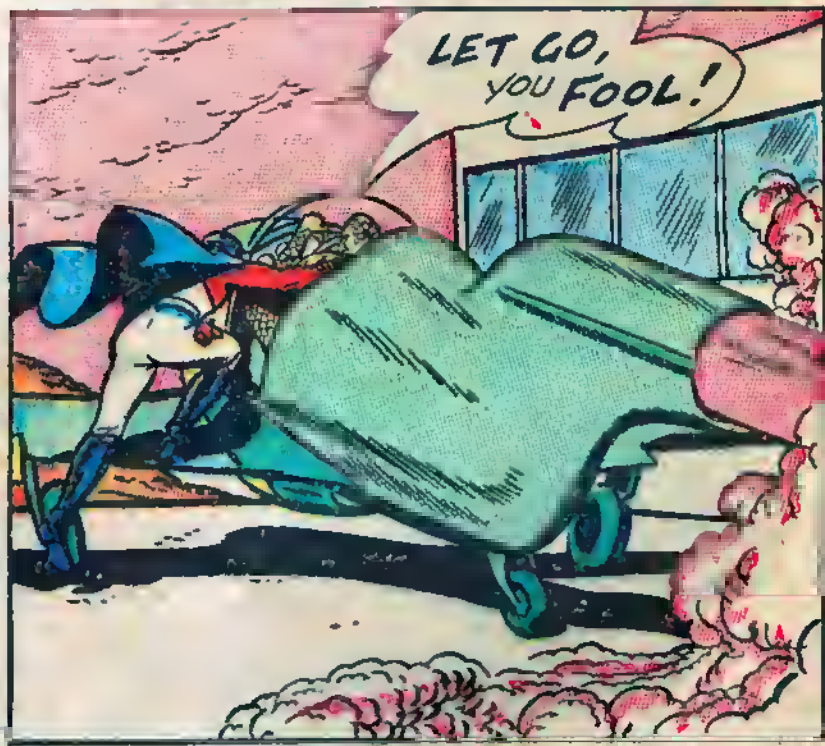
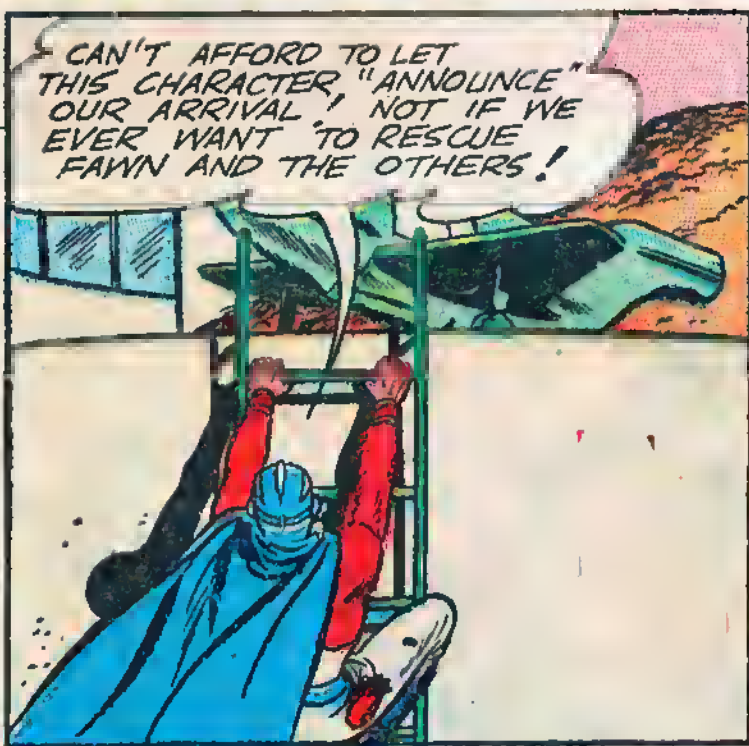
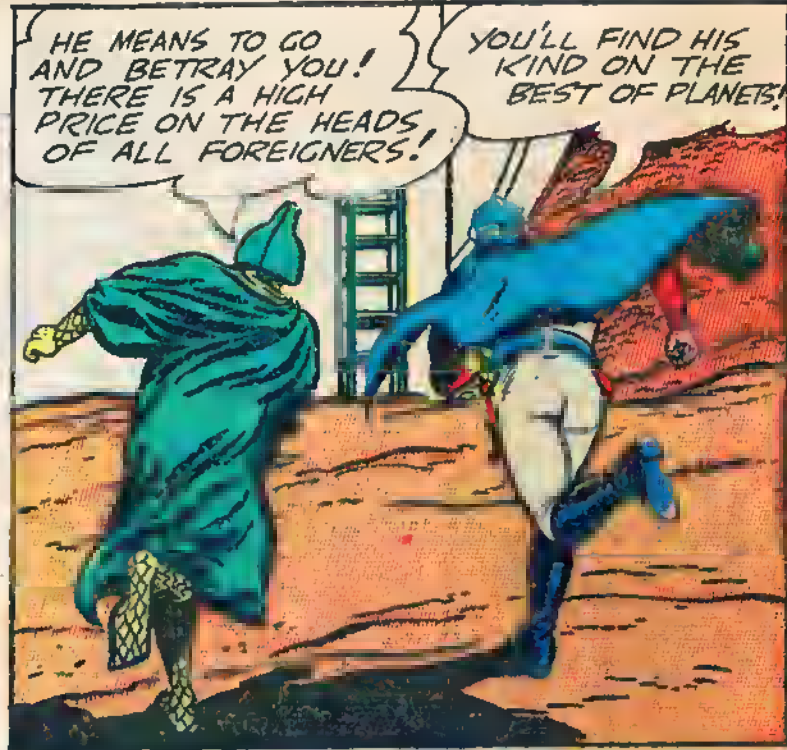
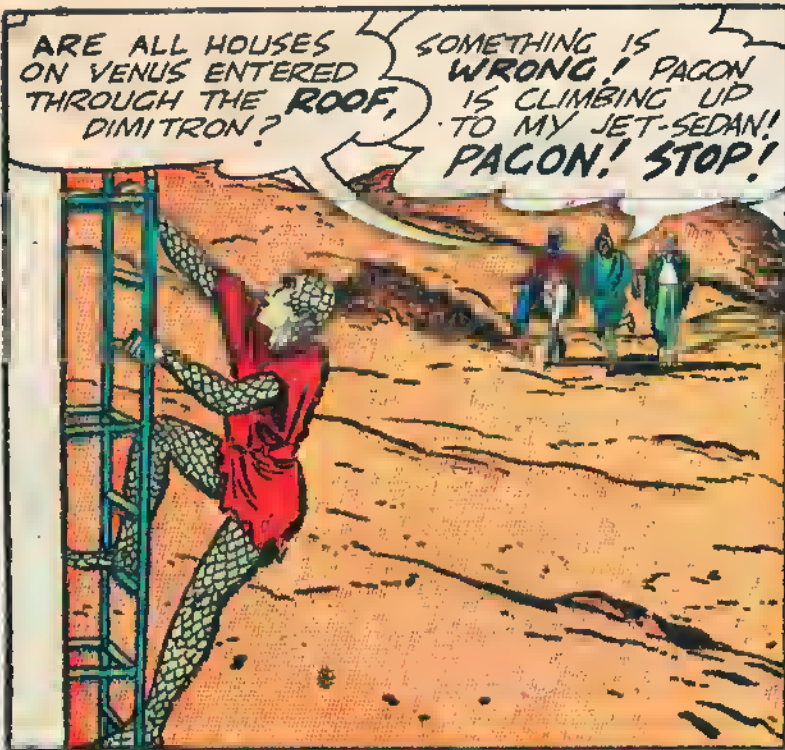


IT WOULD BE WISER IF YOU TURNED THIS MATTER OVER TO CAPTAIN SLOCCA OR THE VENUSIAN POLICE!

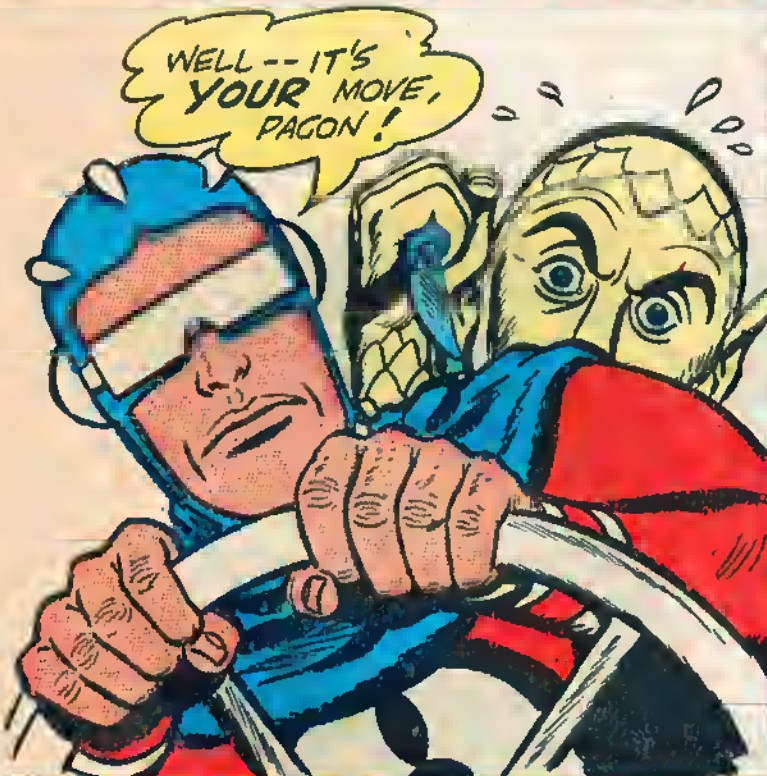
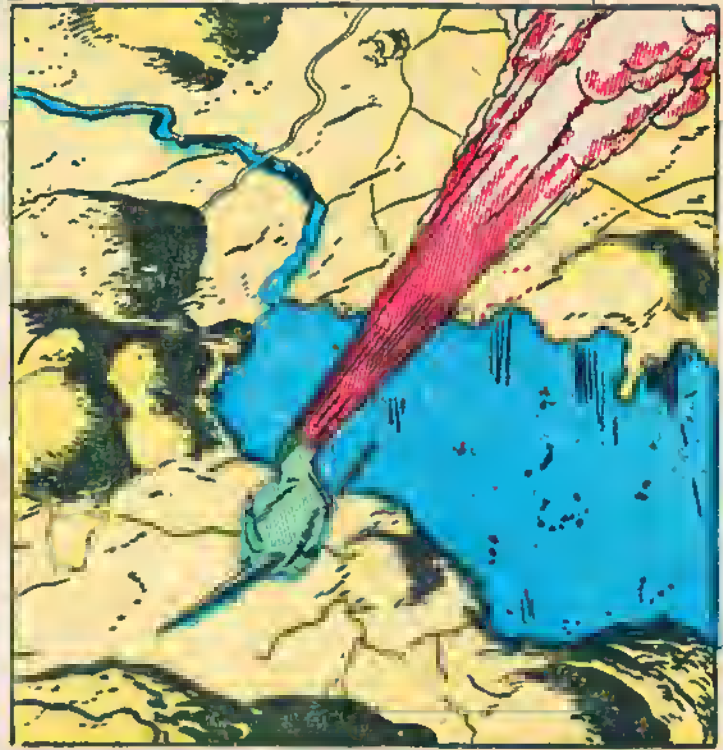
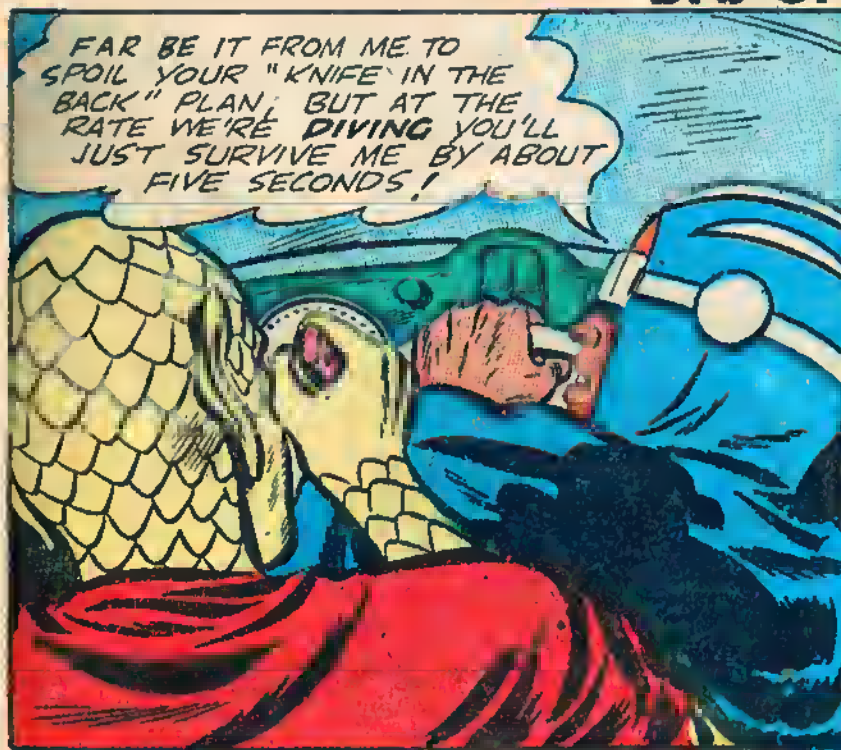
IT WOULD BE WISER IF YOU PADDOLED FASTER AND PRATTLED LESS!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

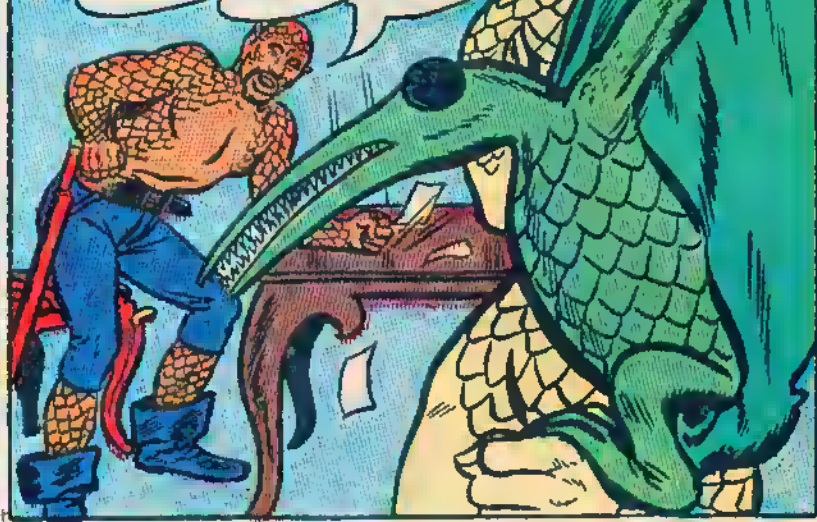


BIG SHOT

AHA! OUR UNKNOWN **SUPERIOR** HAS SENT US A REAL TIP THIS TIME! THE NEXT **HUMAN SACRIFICE** TO SINGE ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN IS NONE OTHER THAN **DIMITRON**, SECOND KEEPER OF THE JEWELS!

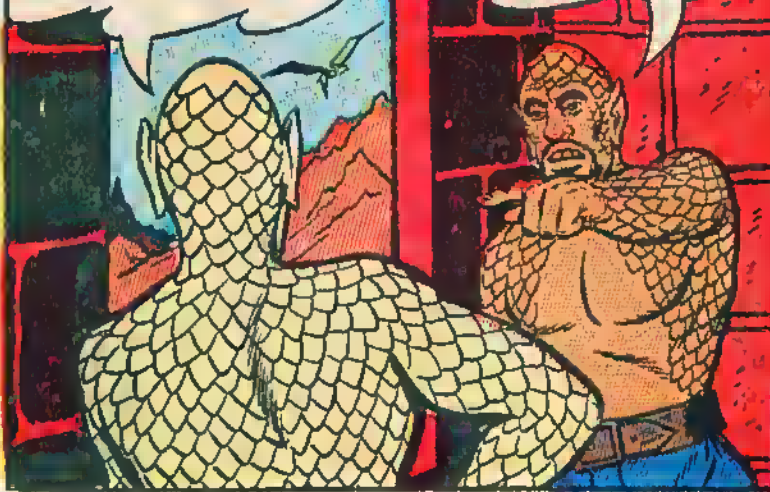


THAT OLD FOOL WILL PAY PLENTY TO HAVE A FOREIGNER FROM ANOTHER PLANET DISPATCHED TO THE SUN IN HIS PLACE! RELEASE THE BIRD, SHAVON!



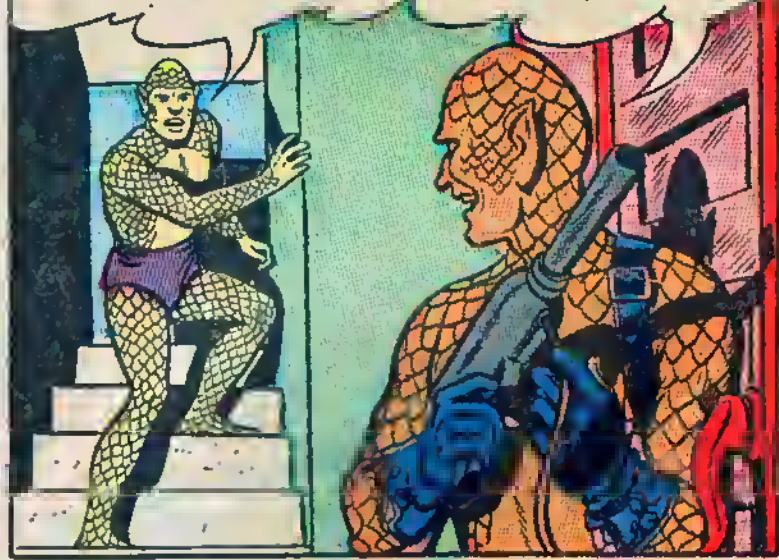
COULD WE BUT TRACE THAT BIRD, WE'D SOON KNOW **WHO** OUR MYSTERIOUS **SUPERIOR** IS!

THAT IS NOT OUR CONCERN! ROUND UP **ALL** THE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY!



BRING THOSE FOUR EARTH ONES INTO THE CELL WHERE THE OTHERS ARE!

AH, THE CAPTAIN HAS SOME SELECTING TO DO, EH?



ALL RIGHT WHITE WORMS, WALK AHEAD OF ME! YOU'RE MOVING!

ANYWAY IT CAN'T BE WORSE AFTER TWO WEEKS IN **THAT** RAT-TRAP!



SHOVE THEM IN HERE, XOON!

AT LEAST WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET THE MAN WITH THE MISSING BRIAR PIPE!



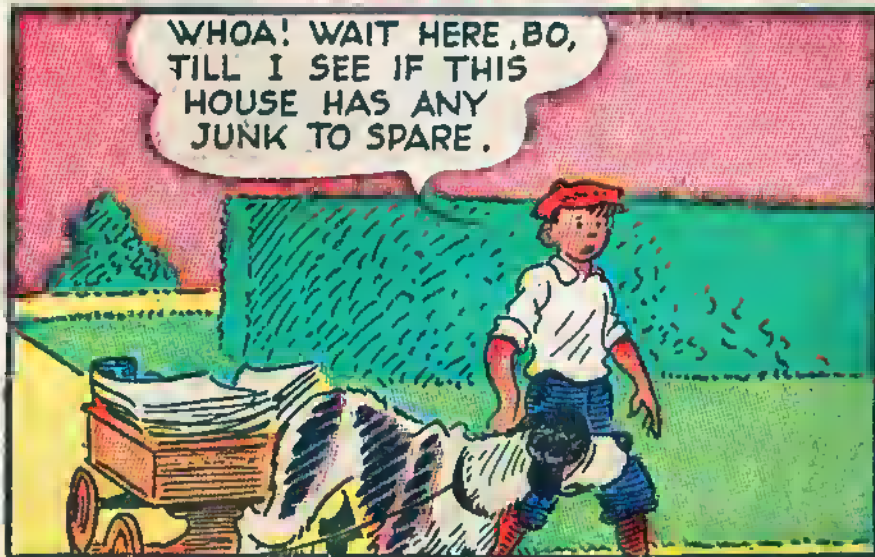
BIG SHOT



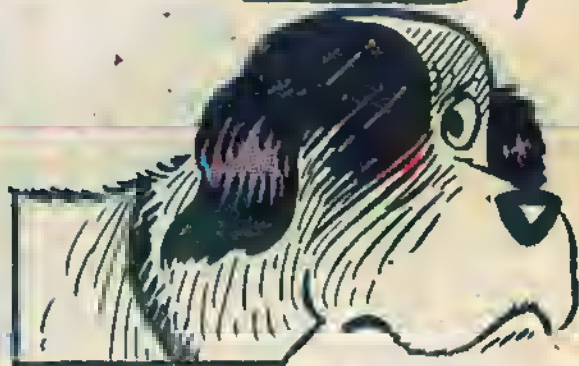
BO

BY
FRANK
BECK

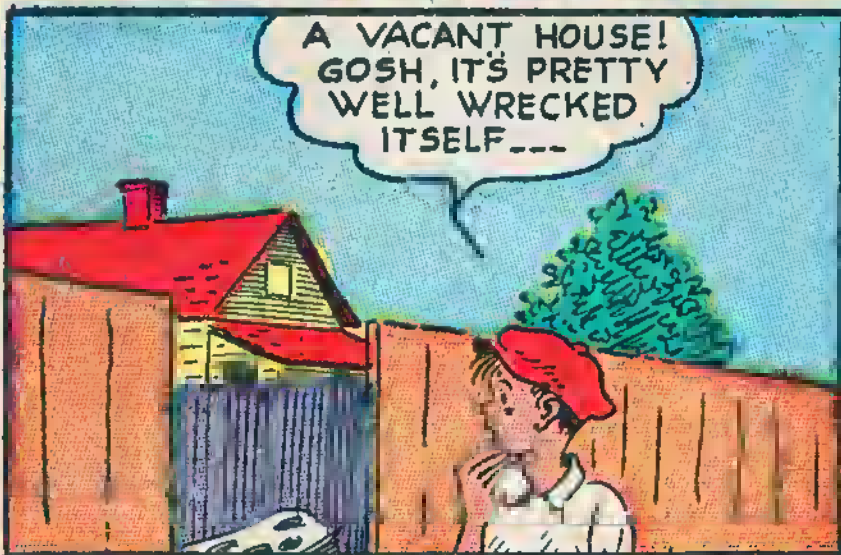
WHOA! WAIT HERE, BO,
TILL I SEE IF THIS
HOUSE HAS ANY
JUNK TO SPARE.



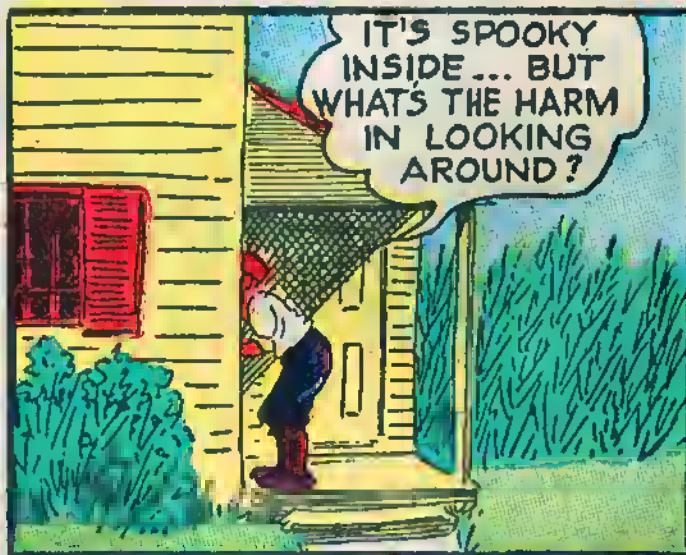
I WISH JUNIOR
WOULD FIND SOME
OTHER WAY TO
MAKE MONEY



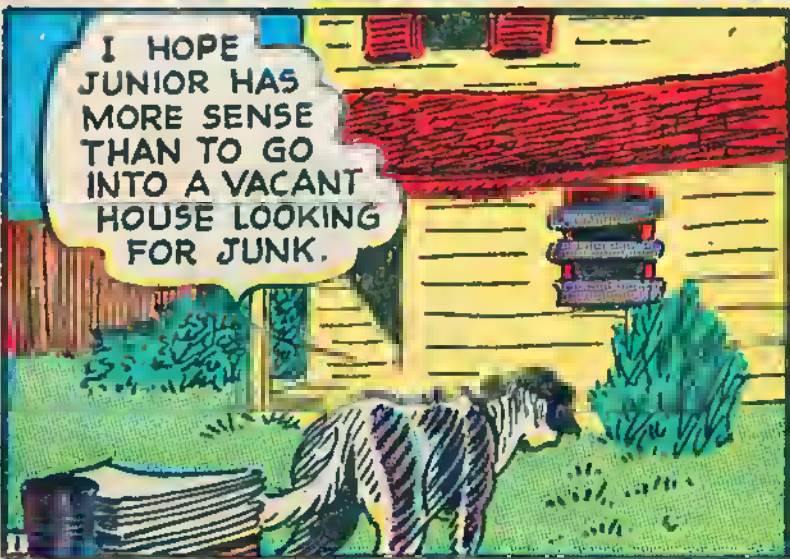
A VACANT HOUSE!
GOSH, IT'S PRETTY
WELL WRECKED
ITSELF---



IT'S SPOOKY
INSIDE ... BUT
WHAT'S THE HARM
IN LOOKING
AROUND?



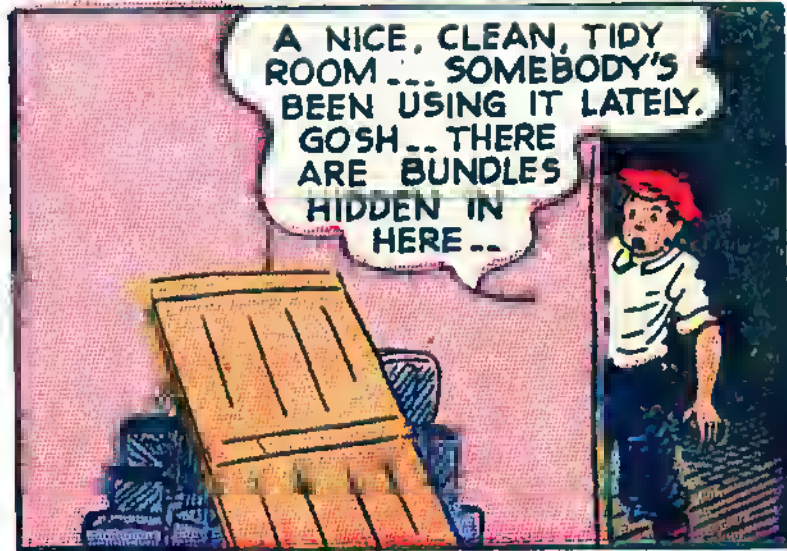
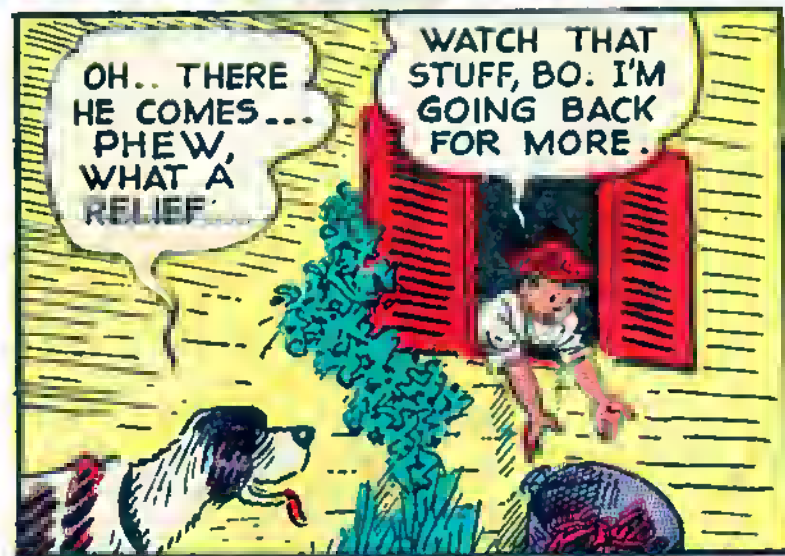
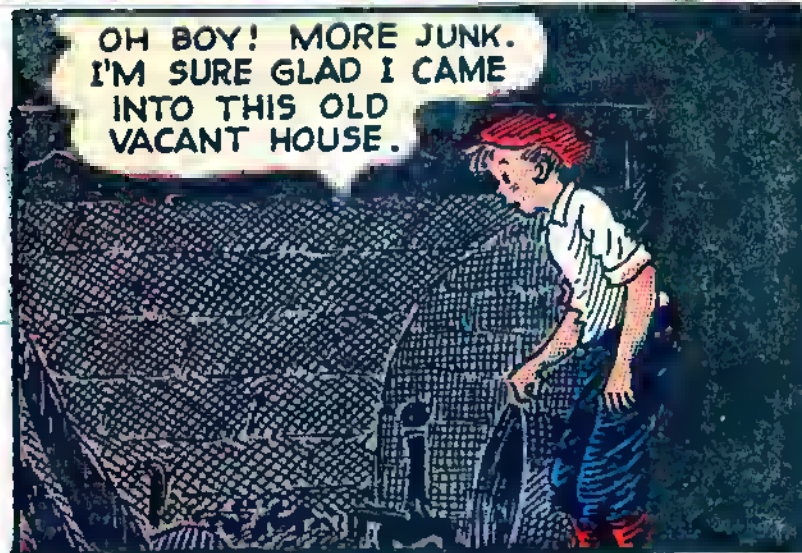
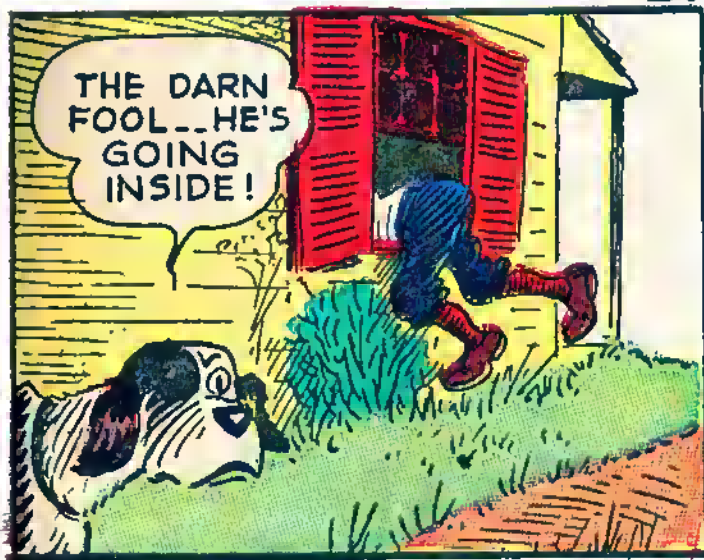
I HOPE
JUNIOR HAS
MORE SENSE
THAN TO GO
INTO A VACANT
HOUSE LOOKING
FOR JUNK.



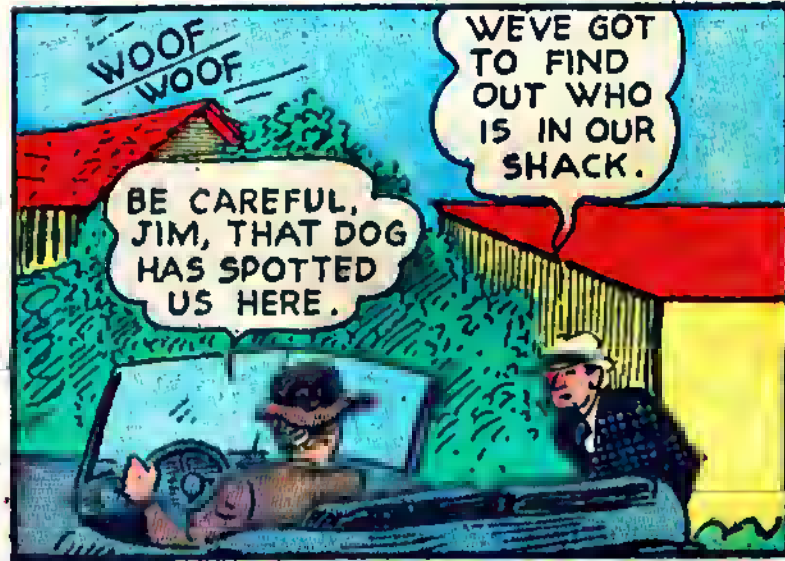
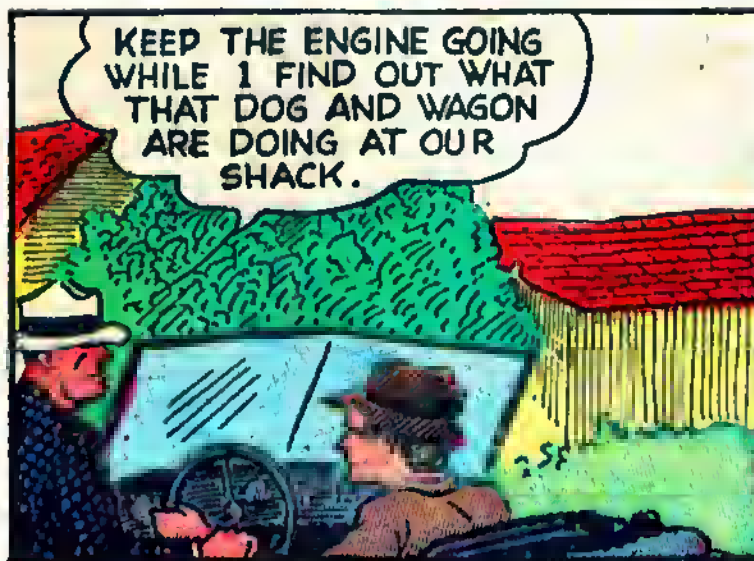
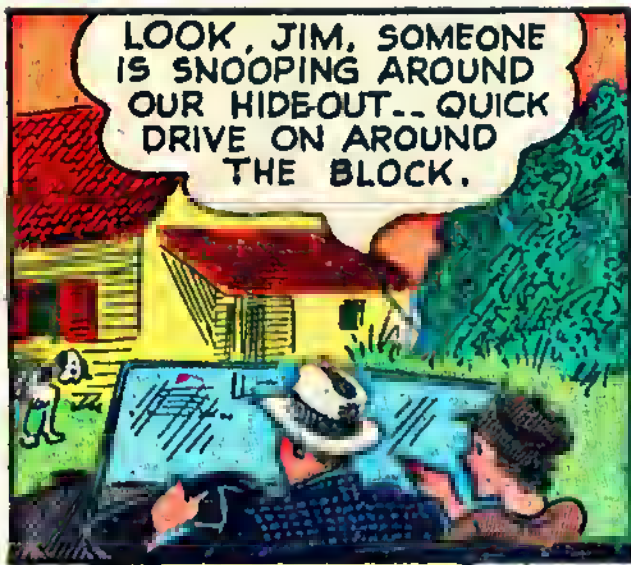
WOW...IT'S DARK
IN THERE. I'LL BET
THERE'S PLENTY
OF OLD STUFF
LAYING AROUND.



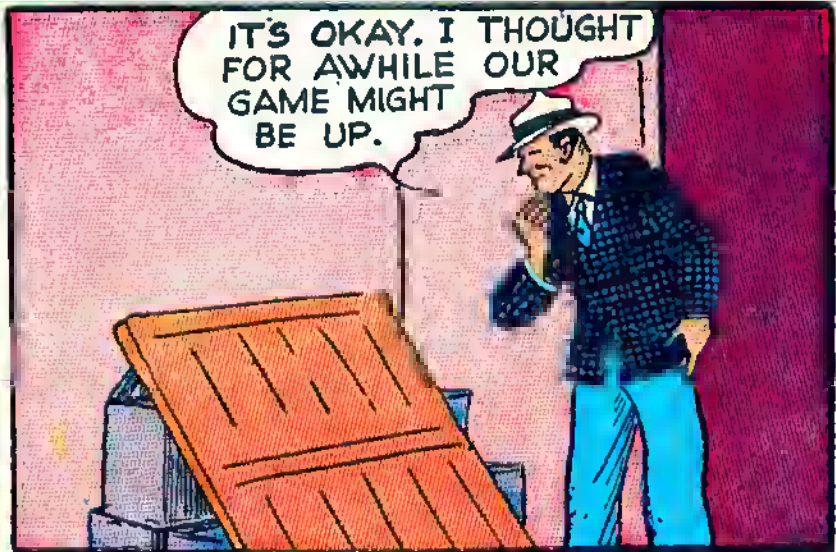
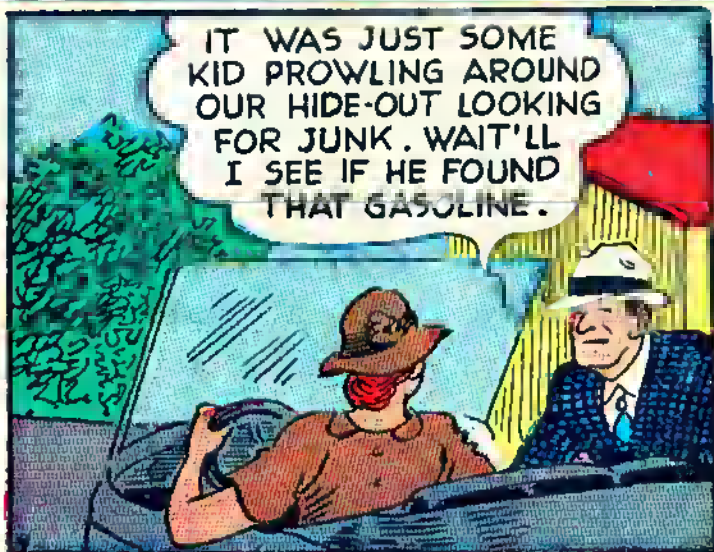
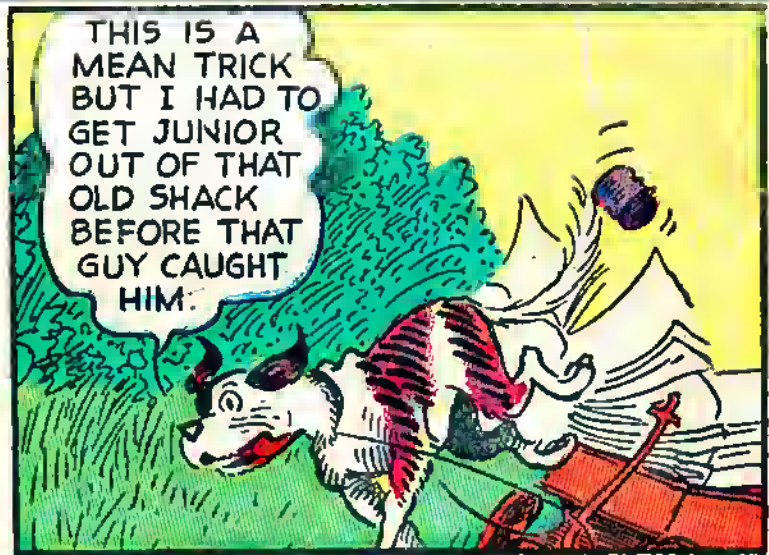
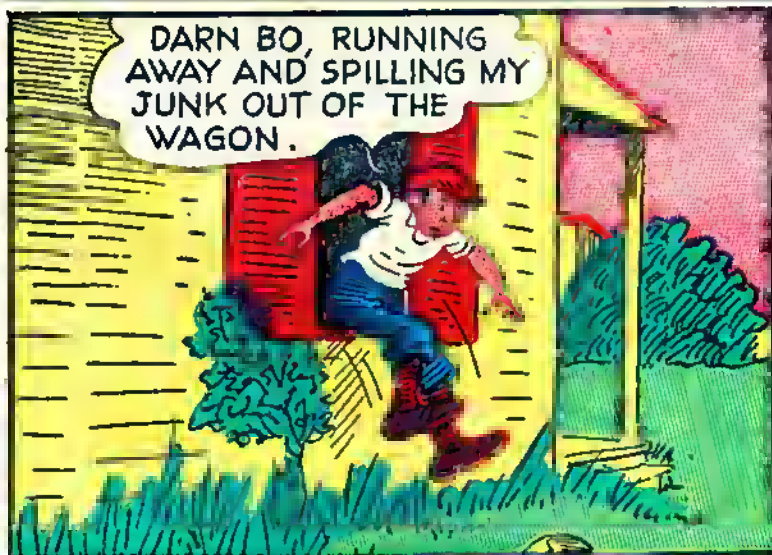
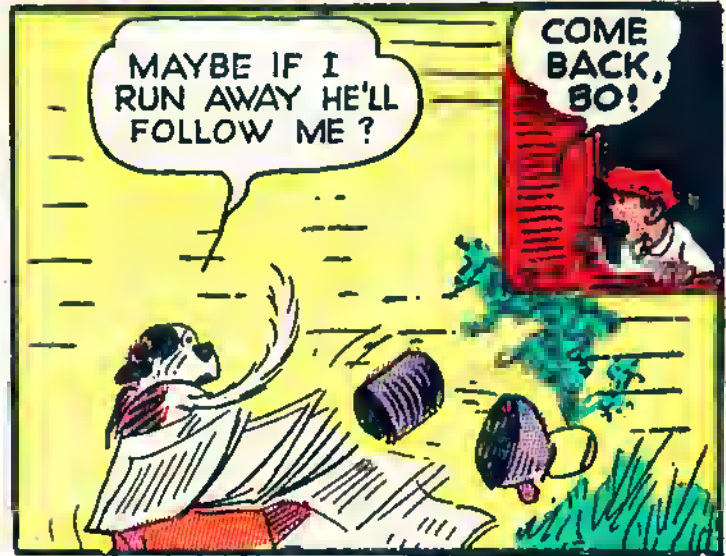
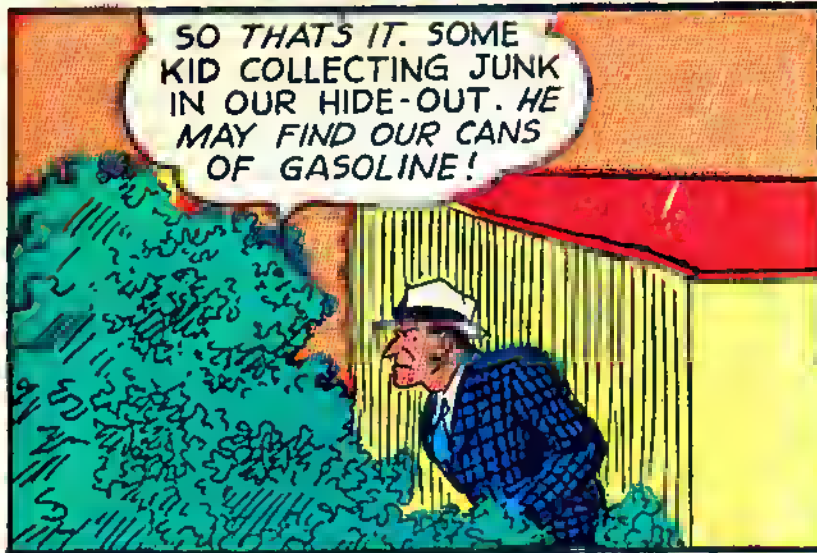
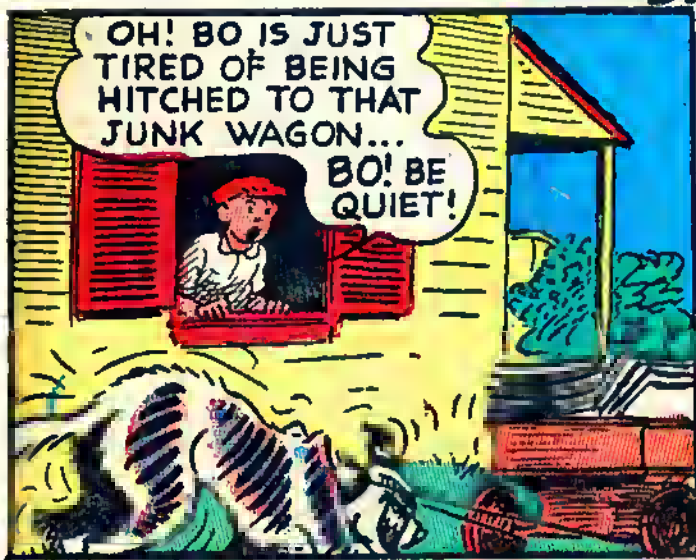
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

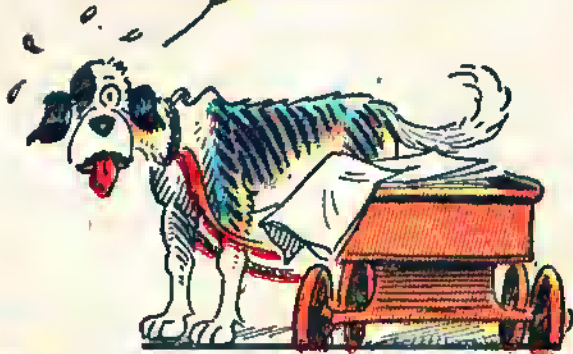


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

I'VE RUN FAR ENOUGH TO GET JUNIOR AWAY FROM THAT EMPTY HOUSE. I'D BETTER WAIT TILL HE CATCHES UP WITH ME.



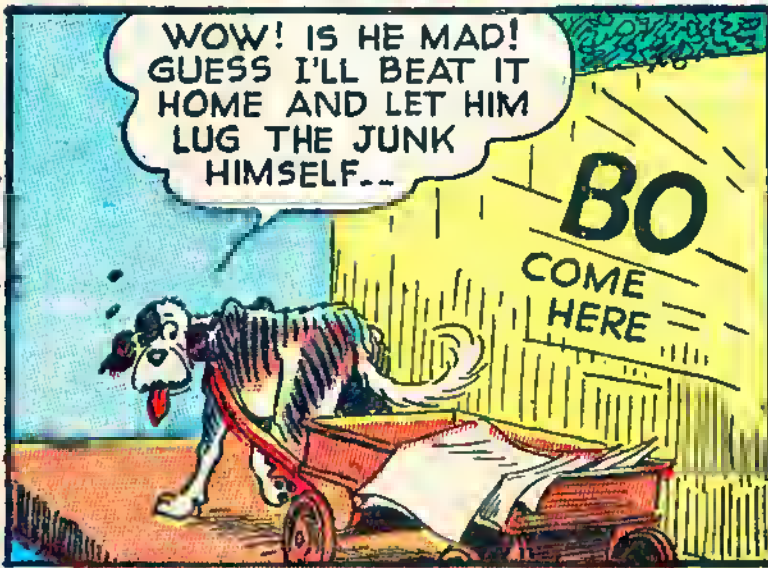
DOGGONE BO, RUNNING OFF AND SPILLING MY LOAD OF JUNK....

BO!



WOW! IS HE MAD! GUESS I'LL BEAT IT HOME AND LET HIM LUG THE JUNK HIMSELF...

BO
COME
HERE

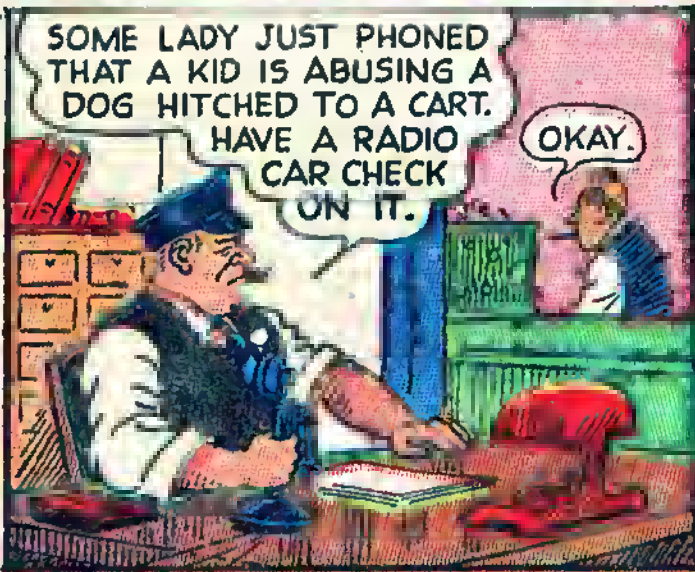


LISTEN TO THAT BOY ABUSE HIS PET. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT...!

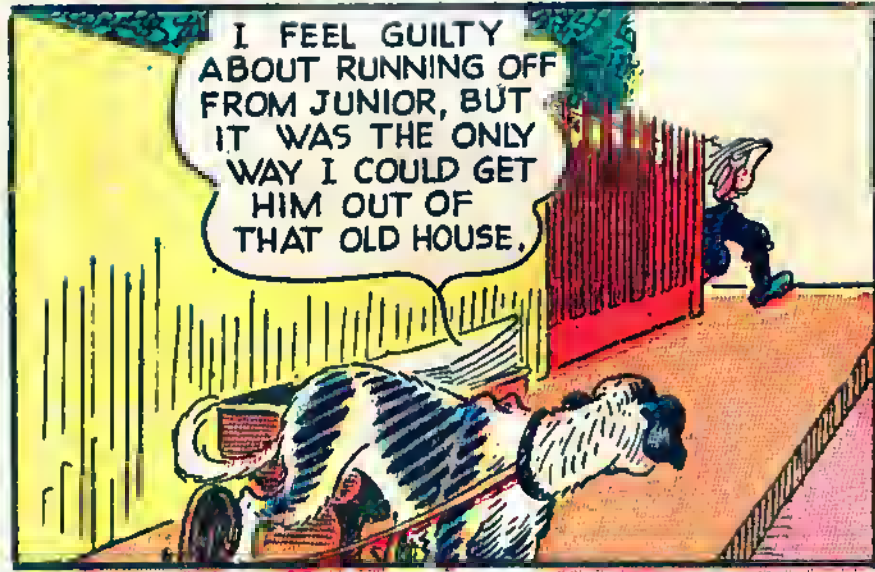


SOME LADY JUST PHONED THAT A KID IS ABUSING A DOG HITCHED TO A CART. HAVE A RADIO CAR CHECK ON IT.

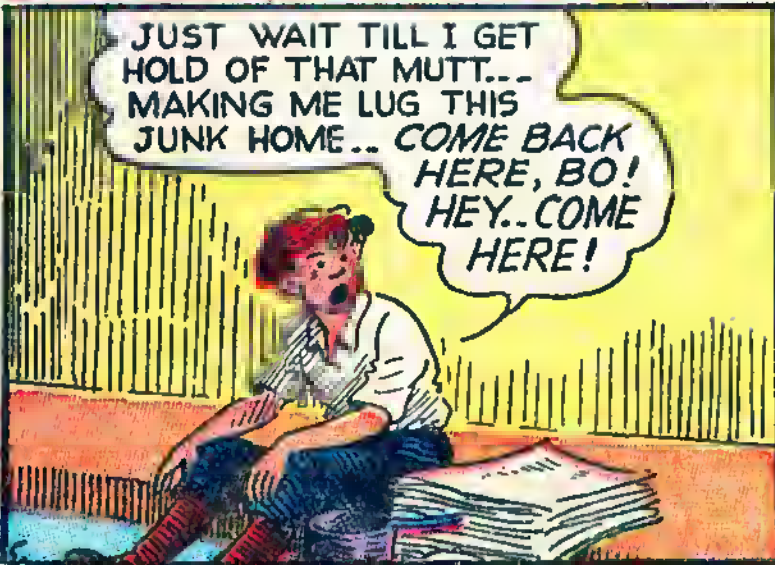
OKAY.



I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT RUNNING OFF FROM JUNIOR, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM OUT OF THAT OLD HOUSE.



JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THAT MUTT... MAKING ME LUG THIS JUNK HOME... COME BACK HERE, BO! HEY..COME HERE!

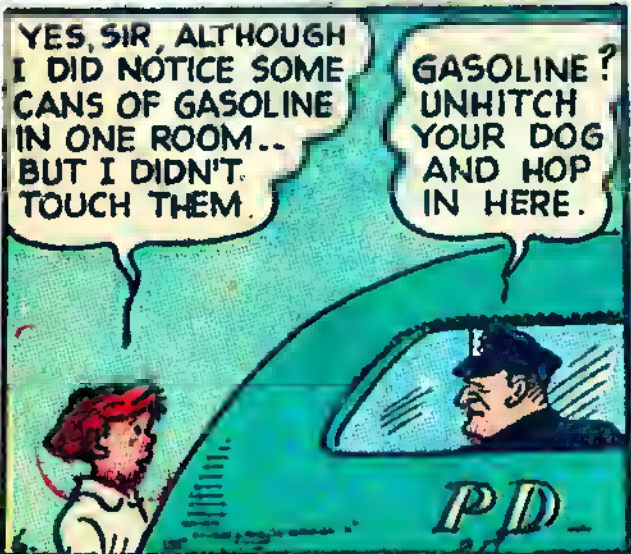
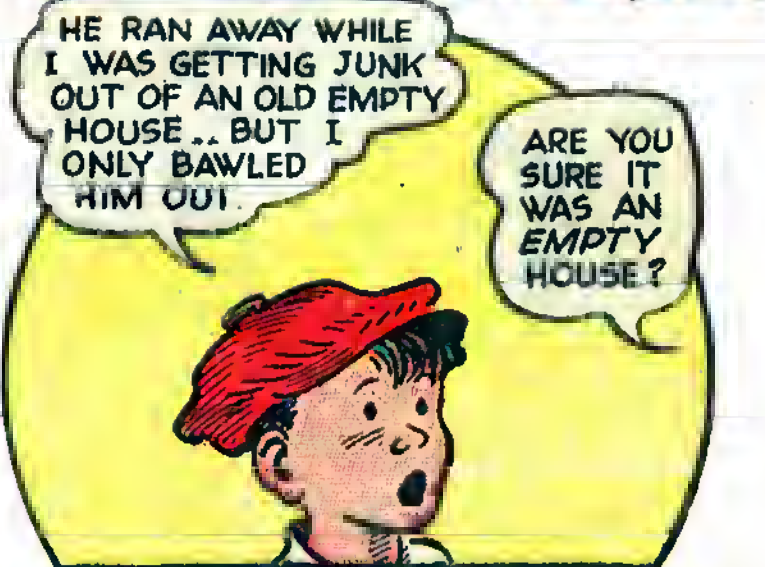
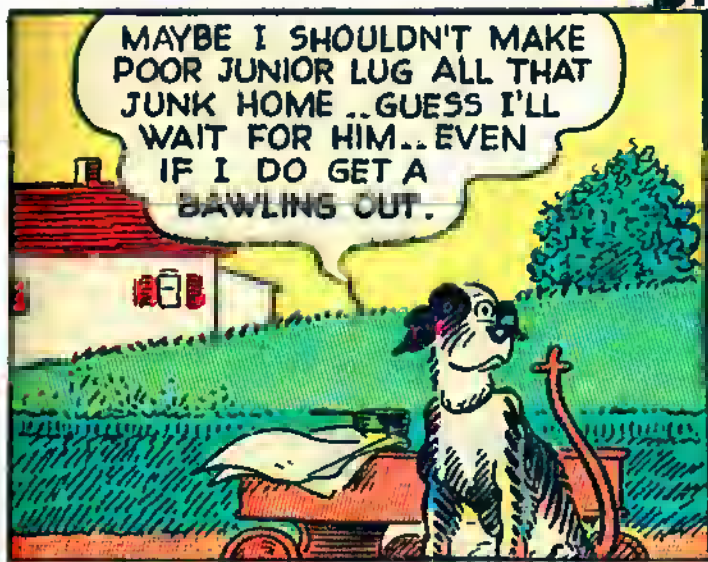


BOY BEATING UP DOG ON MAIN STREET... CAR TWENTY INVESTIGATE. THAT IS ALL...

HO HUM! THAT'S US, OFF TO THE WAR ON CRIME.



BIG SHOT

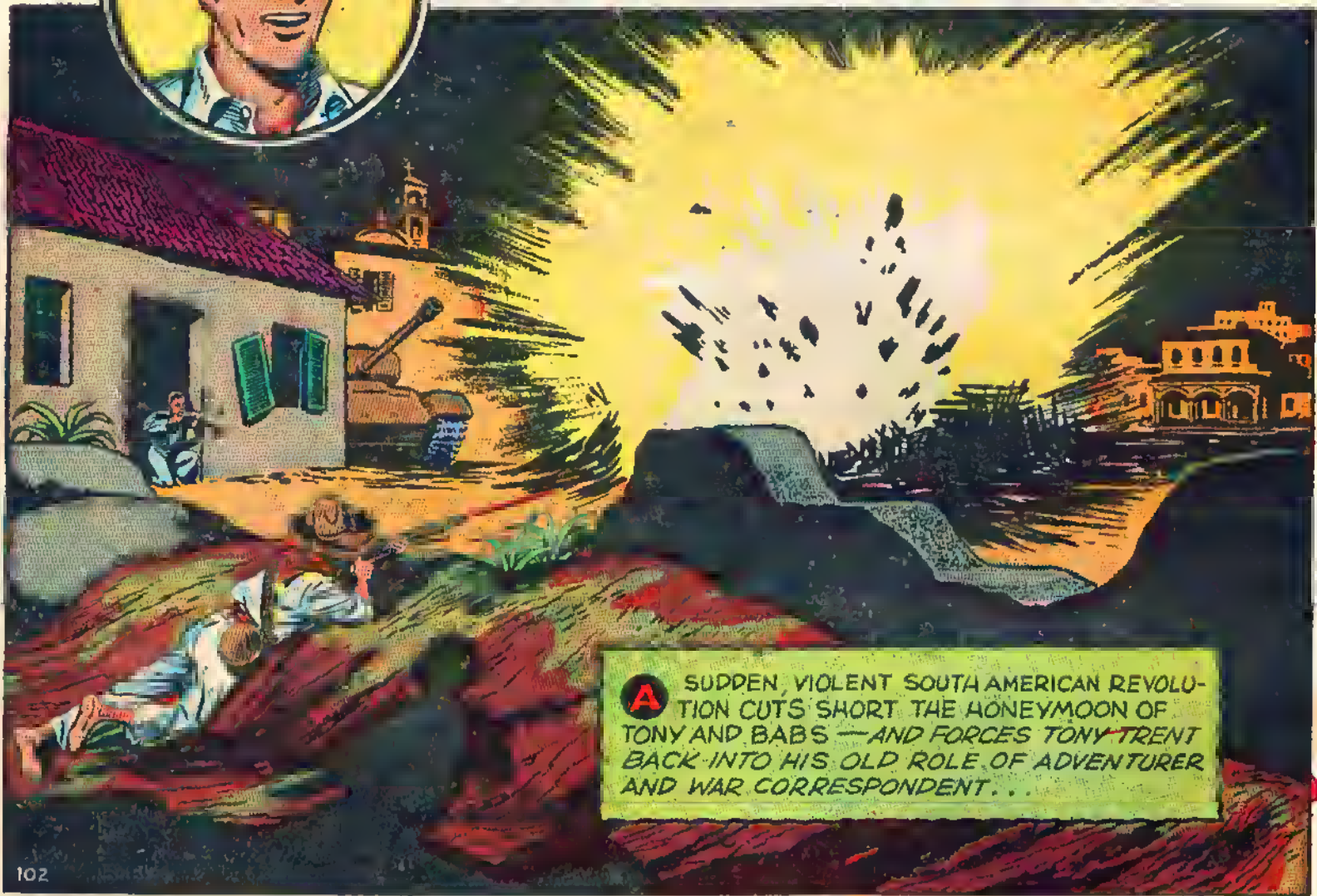


MORE ABOUT THE EMPTY HOUSE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



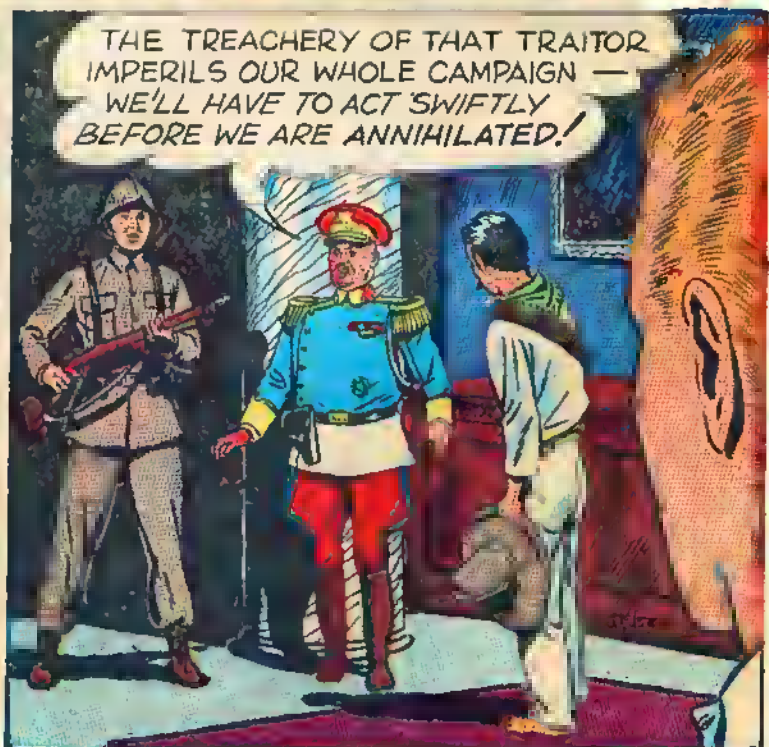
A SUDDEN, VIOLENT SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION CUTS SHORT THE HONEYMOON OF TONY AND BABS — AND FORCES TONY TRENT BACK INTO HIS OLD ROLE OF ADVENTURER AND WAR CORRESPONDENT...

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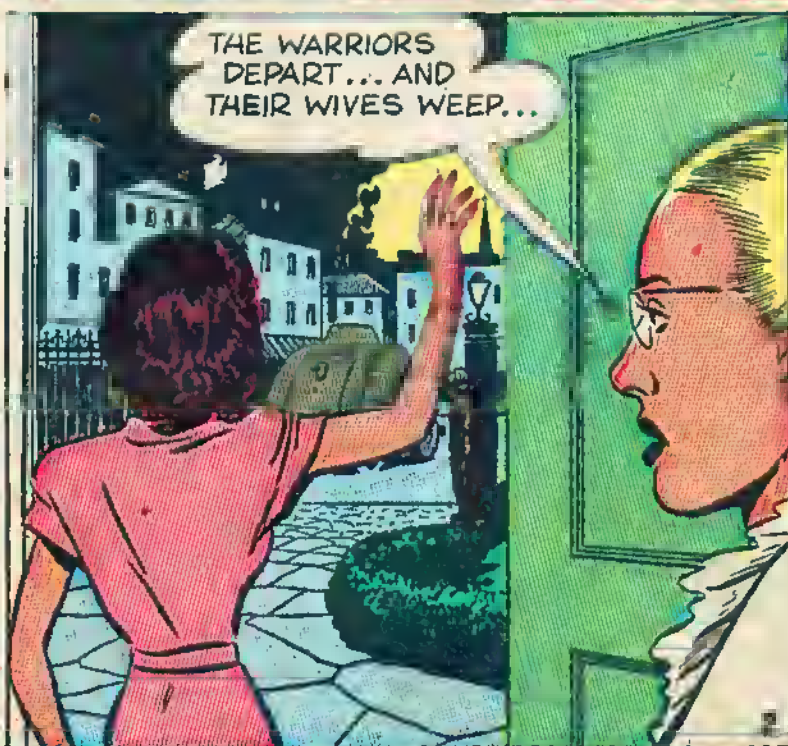
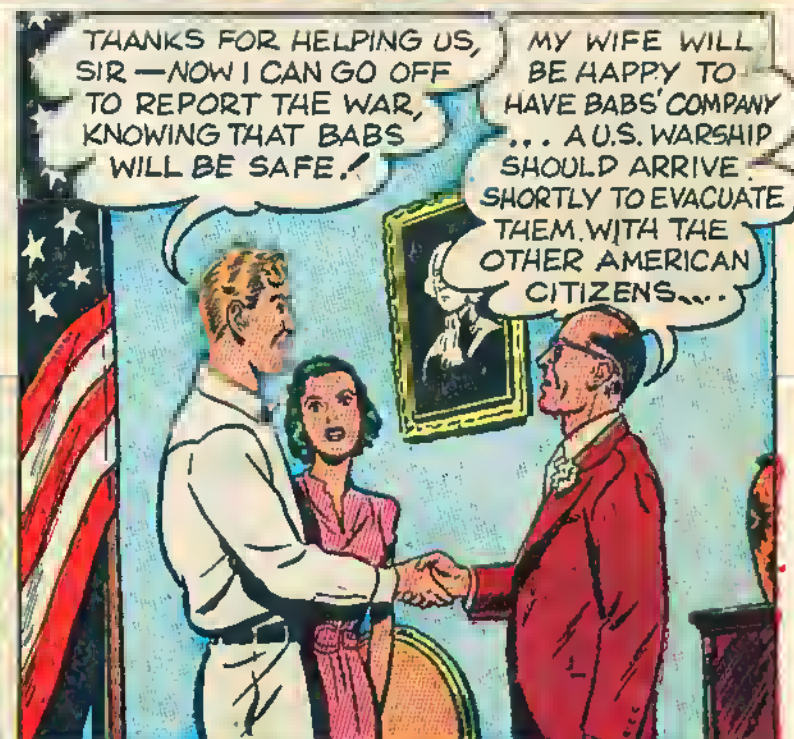
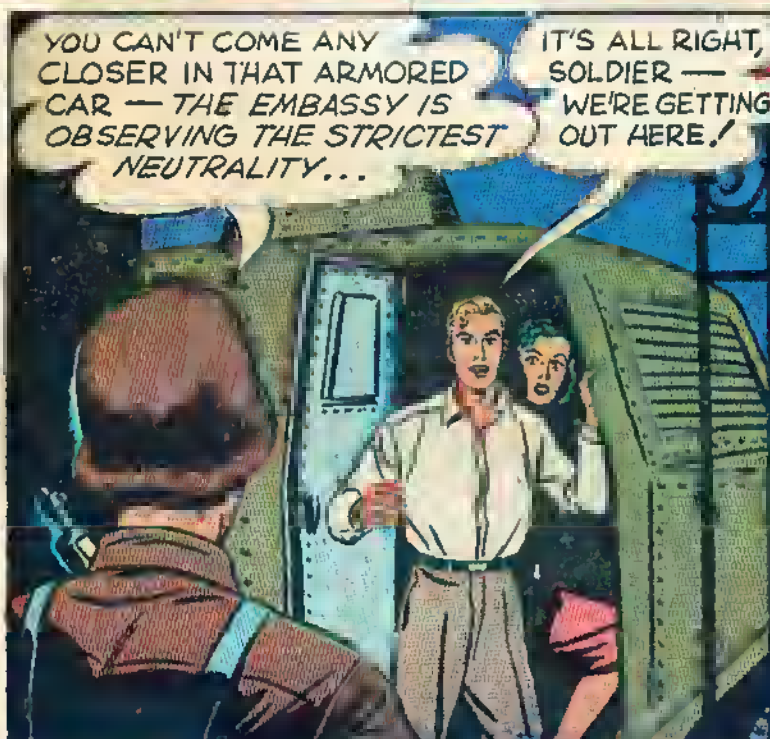
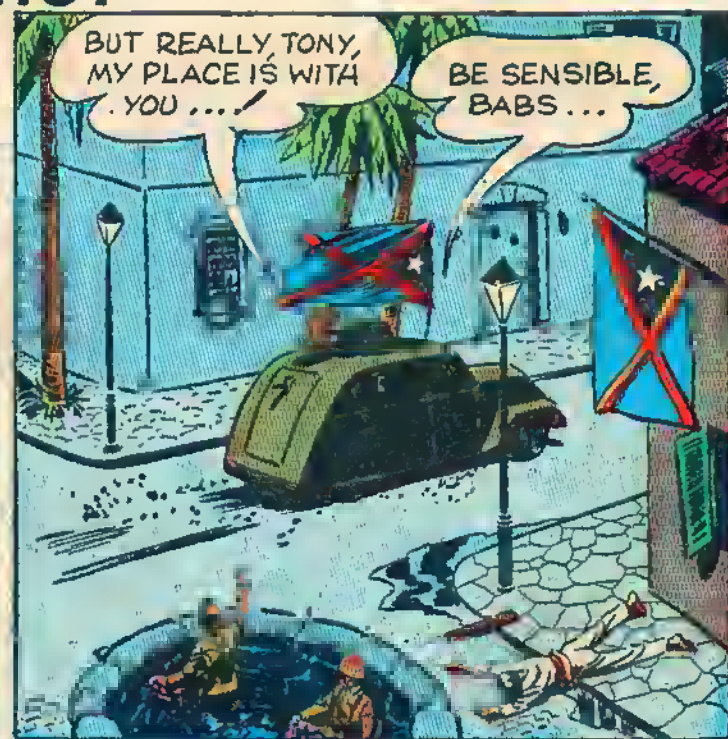
GENERAL DIAZADO SEEMS VERY EXCITED, TONY!

YES... COLONEL MANOTEZ, UPON WHOM HE WAS DEPENDING, HAS SOLD OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE TREACHERY OF THAT TRAITOR IMPERILS OUR WHOLE CAMPAIGN — WE'LL HAVE TO ACT SWIFTLY BEFORE WE ARE ANNIHILATED!



BIG SHOT

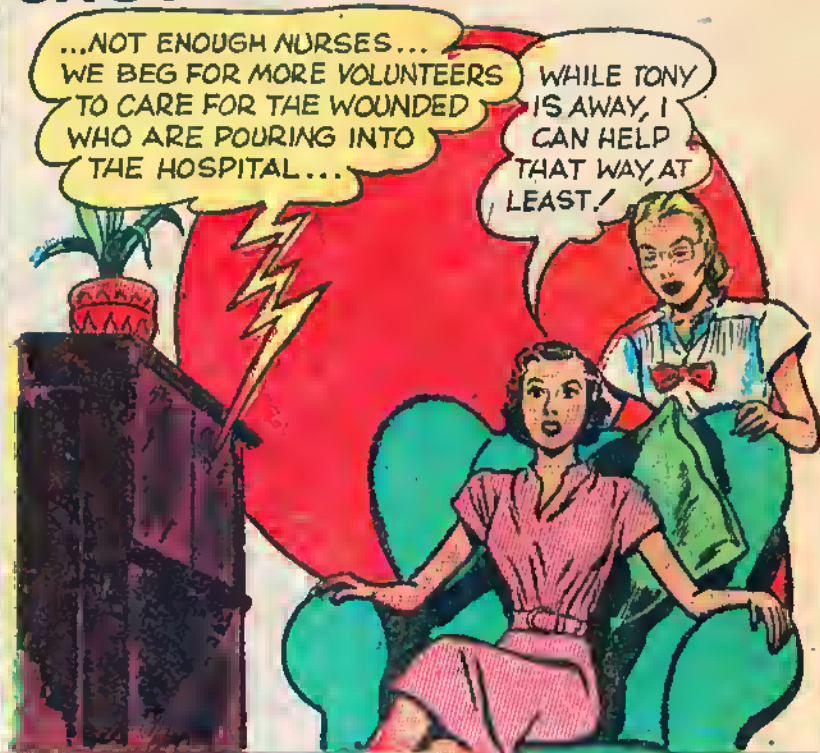


BIG SHOT



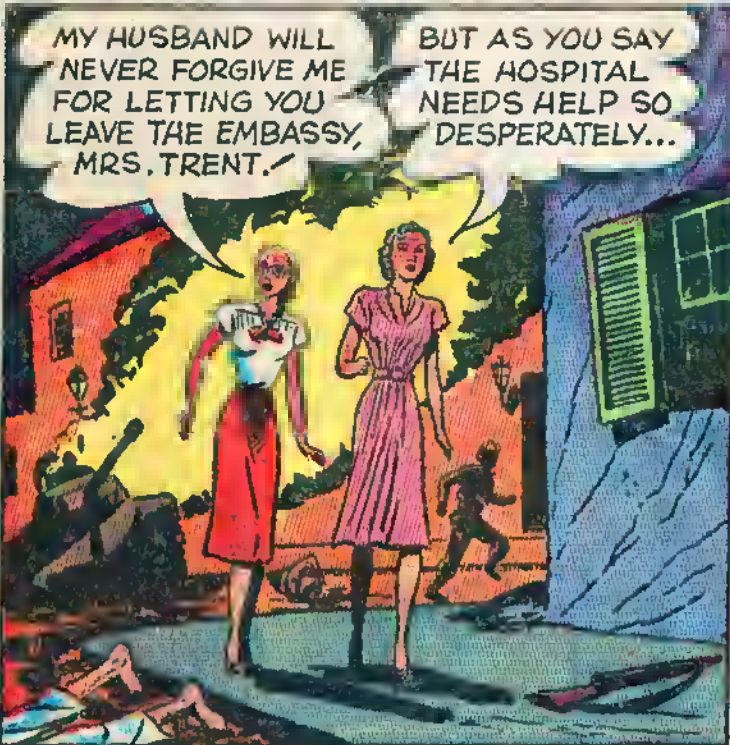
FEEL BETTER, TONY,
NOW THAT YOUR WIFE
IS OUT OF DANGER?

I CERTAINLY DO —
THIS PROMISES
TO BE A LONG,
NASTY WAR!



...NOT ENOUGH NURSES...
WE BEG FOR MORE VOLUNTEERS
TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED
WHO ARE POURING INTO
THE HOSPITAL...

WHILE TONY
IS AWAY, I
CAN HELP
THAT WAY, AT
LEAST!

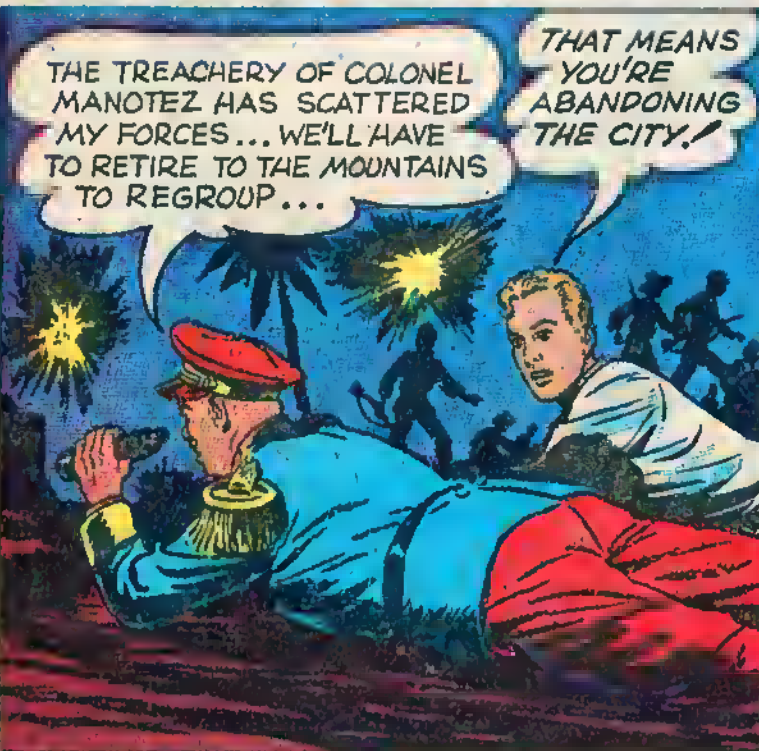


MY HUSBAND WILL
NEVER FORGIVE ME
FOR LETTING YOU
LEAVE THE EMBASSY,
MRS. TRENT!

BUT AS YOU SAY
THE HOSPITAL
NEEDS HELP SO
DESPERATELY...



WE CERTAINLY CAN USE YOUR ASSISTANCE!
SISTER CLAIRE AND THE MINISTER'S WIFE
WILL SHOW YOU GIRLS WHAT TO DO, WHILE
I GO BACK TO LEND MY RABBI FRIEND A
HAND.... EVERYBODY'S HERE TONIGHT!



THE TREACHERY OF COLONEL
MANOTEZ HAS SCATTERED
MY FORCES... WE'LL HAVE
TO RETIRE TO THE MOUNTAINS
TO REGROUP...

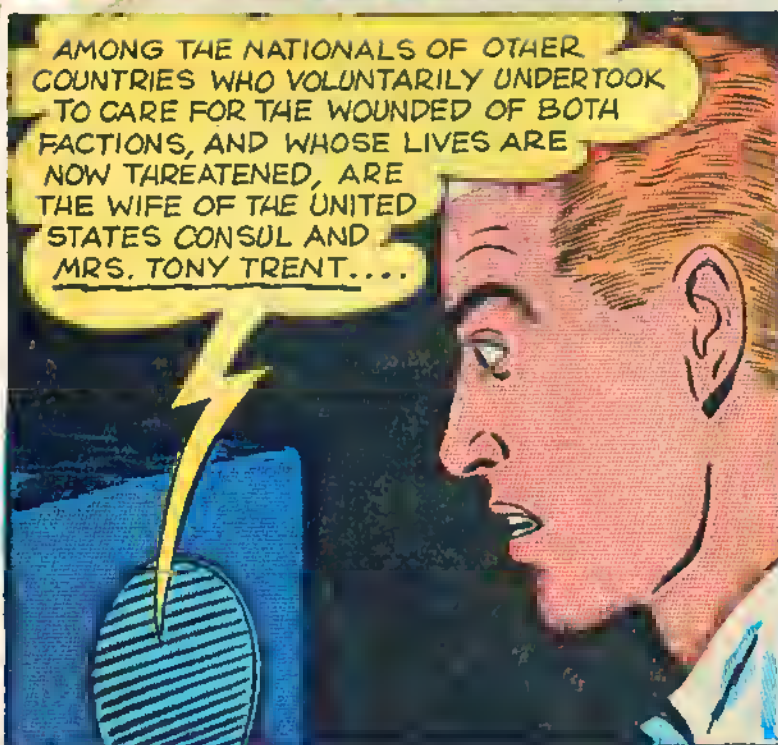
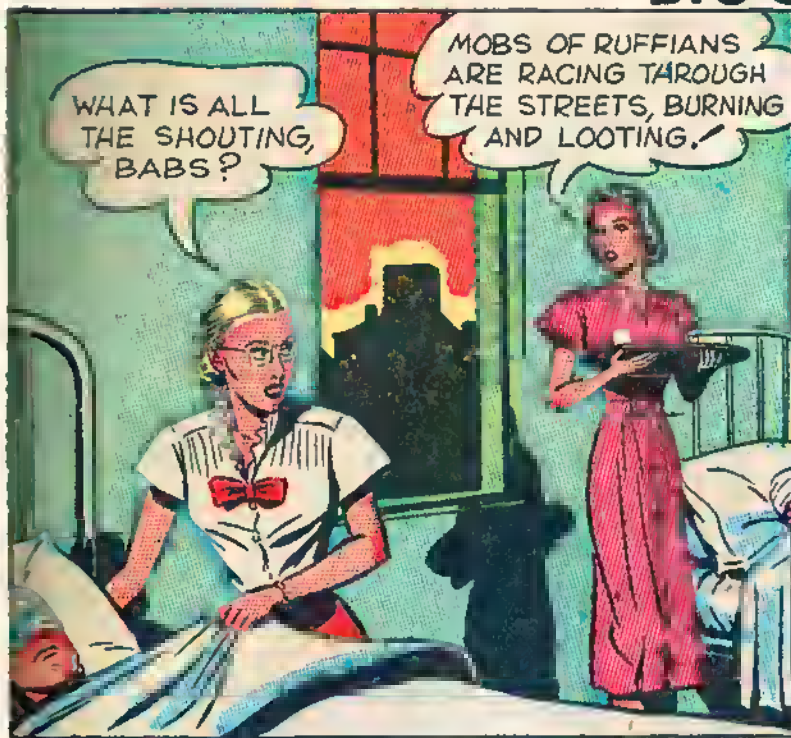
THAT MEANS
YOU'RE
ABANDONING
THE CITY!



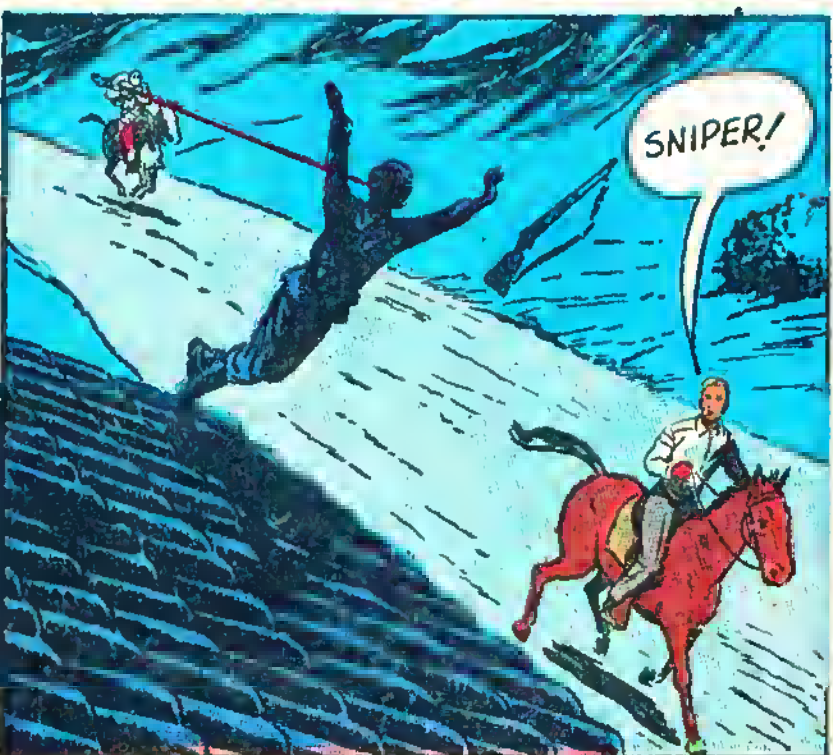
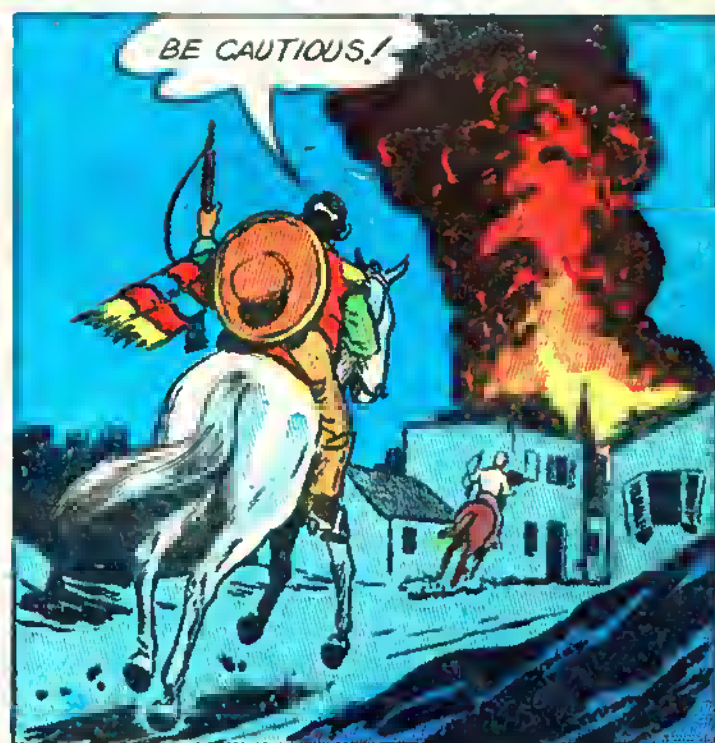
ONLY TEMPORARILY
— I'LL BE
BACK!

IT'S FORTUNATE BABS IS
SAFE AT THE EMBASSY,
BECAUSE AS SOON AS
YOU WITHDRAW NO PLACE
ELSE WILL BE SAFE FROM
MURDERERS — NOT
EVEN THE HOSPITAL!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

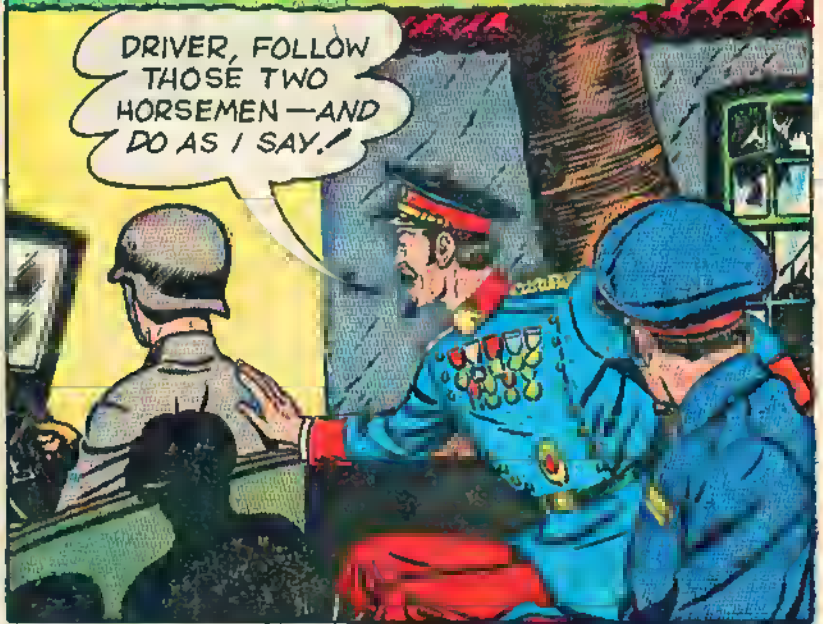


BIG SHOT

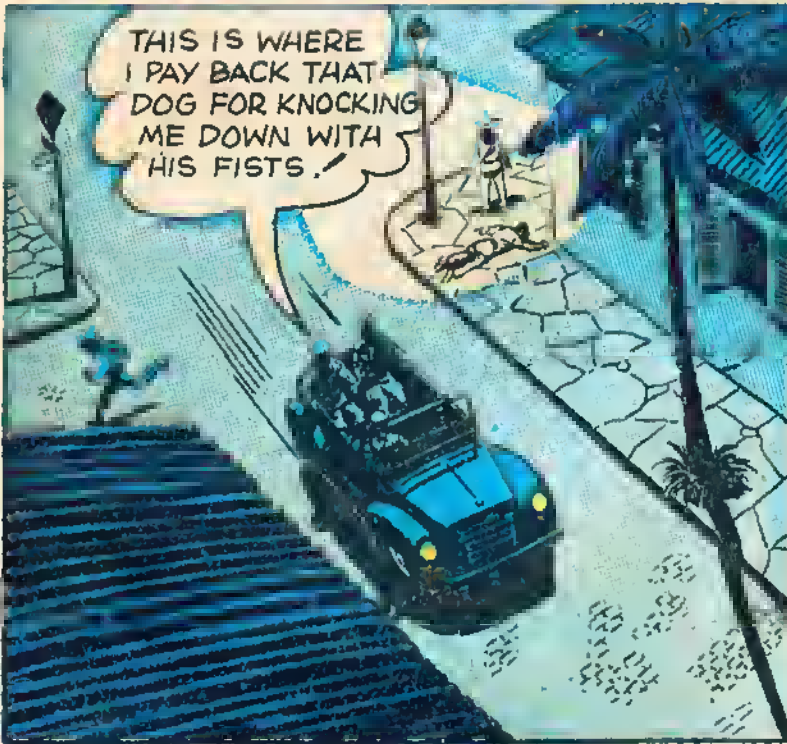
SO TONY TRENT AND SANCHE, THE ONE-MAN ARMY, RIDE INTO THE CITY AMID INDESCRIBABLE SCENES OF ORGANIZED MOB BRUTALITY...



AND PAST THE COMMAND CAR OF COLONEL MANOTEZ, WHO CONTENTEDLY OBSERVES THE WORK OF THE VICIOUS FORCES HE HAS UNLEASHED...



THIS IS WHERE I PAY BACK THAT DOG FOR KNOCKING ME DOWN WITH HIS FISTS.



COLONEL MANOTEZ!

THE AUTOMOBILE IS GOING TO RUN YOU DOWN, SENOR TRENT!



NOW, SENOR TRENT, WE'LL SETTLE OUR SCORE.



NEXT THE SCORE IS SETTLED

NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

MAKE ME PROVE— I can make YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

Inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

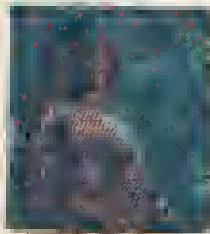
I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 6 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ What These Famous Pupils Say About Jowett: Why Don't You Follow in Their Footsteps!

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REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

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Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

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BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY 25¢
PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



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Champion of Champions

FREE GIFT COUPON

Dept.
BS-85

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D.'S.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____



BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

The "black mark" is the blackhead . . .
to men and girls popular
to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date
And that's not all that's said of
who are careless about blackheads.
Blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads
grimy! And they DON'T look good
in close-ups!

Can you blame the fellow who says,
"I meet lots of girls who look cute
in a glance. But if, on that second
glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good
bye!"

Can you blame the girl who con-
fesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow
who has blackheads. If he's careless about
his skin, you're sure he'll embarrass you in
other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning?
Well, you've company and, sad to say,
lots of company. There are lots of other-
wise attractive fellows and girls who could
use anyone they like if they'd only
understand how offensive blackheads are . . .
and how easily and quickly they could
get rid of them . . . if they want to!

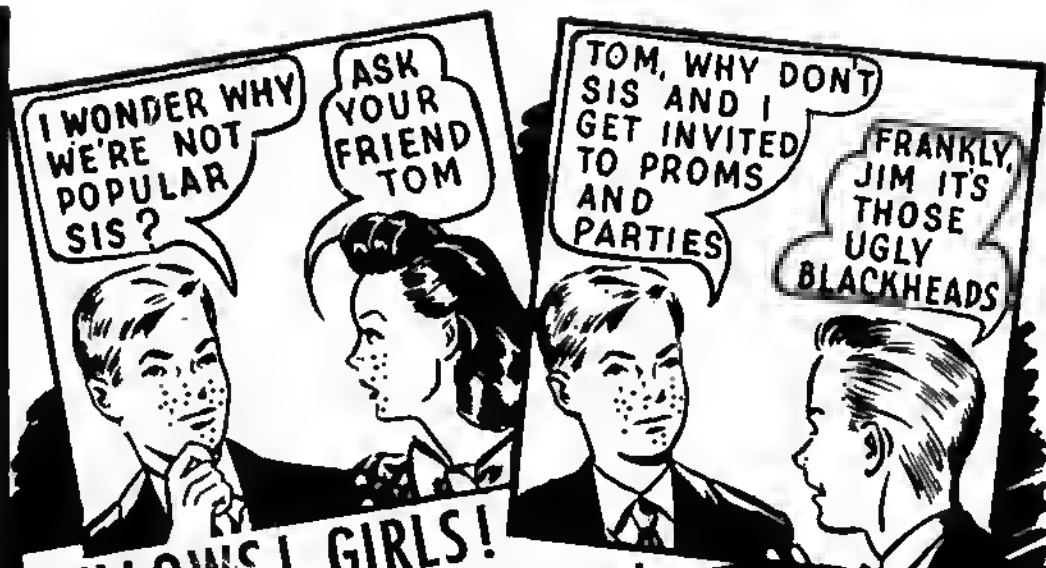
"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track,
gym, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks
that after just a shower he's ready to go
anywhere! And won't the girls all admire
his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance
partners are set up for hurdle races! You
can't show off your snappy left hook when
city cokes are in the ring. The "he-man"
who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks
wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Too easy, for a girl to think that if
she's the latest in clothes and hair-do
she needn't bother about blackheads. A
little more make-up, she guesses, will take
care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T
HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's
plaster of paris, maybe! And even good
make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take
chances, cute though you may be!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . .
safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of
those ugly blackheads that clog the pores
... make your skin look grimy and dingy
... give others such a wrong impression
of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vac-
uum pressure around the blackhead and ex-
tracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender
skin tissues. Keep skin always clear
this new scientific way. With-
out painful squeezing! Without
dangerous infection from germ
fingers! Just place VACUTEX
over blackhead and draw back
extractor. Blackhead's out!
Simple! But you'll be de-
lighted by your instantly im-
proved appearance. Others
will notice your clearer,
cleaner skin! Try VACU-
TEX — now!



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RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail
coupon and pay postman
only \$1.00 plus postage.
Or save all postage by enclosing
\$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not
thrilled to be rid of embarrassing
hated blackheads this new quick
way — just return VACUTEX in 10
days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead —
release extractor — and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning
and night with warm, almost hot,
water. Use good soap and plenty of
it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon
as you see it — with a SAFE extrac-
tor. Don't use finger nails. Don't
squeeze. That may mean infection,
injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be
safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

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postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus
postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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ADDRESS _____

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Here's THE JACKET You've Wanted
At a Sensational Saving!

Ladies'
Only
\$3.95

Men's only **\$4.95**

Hurry! Quantities
Are Limited

Special
Combina-
tion
Offer,
Both for
Only
\$7.95



LADIES'

MEN'S

Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style, comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only \$7.95.

Save 95¢! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Camel Tan, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "I-e-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, colorful and smartly tailored as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Seamed sides stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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1227 Loyola Ave., CHICAGO, 26, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jackets indicated below. C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name _____ Please

Address _____ write

City _____ State _____ plainly

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$3.95 ☐ Camel Tan ☐ Stop Red

Check color wanted _____

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only \$7.95

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95 ☐ Camel Tan with these colors ☐ Luggage Brown ☐ Forest Green

Check color wanted _____

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18 ☐ 20 ☐ MAN'S 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40 ☐ 42 ☐ 44 ☐

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$ _____ C. O. D.